In Memoriam.
VAN DYKE

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J. A. Van Dyke

A

MEMORIAL

OF

JAMES A. VAN DYKE,

PUBLISHED BY THE

FIRE DEPARTMENT

Of the City of Detroit.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

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IN MEMORIAM

JAMES ADAMS VAN DYKE.

To live in the hearts of those he loved, was his choicest wish whose memory this volume cherishes. If it helps to that end, it will have fulfilled its purpose. Its aim is not to chronicle his professional success, which was great, nor to elaborate his prosperity, which was remarkable, nor to extol his genius, which was marked and singular; but to refresh in the minds of his friends, a recollection of qualities, of which, while he lived, they required not to be reminded.

The chief attribute of his heart was affection, of his mind, love of the ideal and beautiful, of his manners, gentleness. With these, coexisted power, strength of will, purpose, energy, industry and enterprise. These were all characterized in his person, beaming from his eye and lip, redundant in his form and motion. So full development of poetic faculty and appreciation rarely lives with rugged talent; but in him they dwelt

together, without sacrifice of efficacy to the one, or of beauty to the other. He was a blossomed tree, full of fruit. The arrows of his strength were feathered by his genius. Amid such rival elements, so intense, so affluent, the duties of taste and judgment were constant and exacting; but those duties were fulfilled, and the words of the writer and speaker were mellowed to a degree which stopped short of gorgeousness in style, and exaggeration of sentiment.

Faculties so exact, rapid and intuitive, did not require the aid of thorough mental discipline. They accomplished the object desired, achieved success, and did for their possessor, all which the most thorough obedience to arbitrary rules could have effected. Intellect furnished her own laws to him.

So endowed; and principled as nobly as he was richly gifted, his career at the bar was a series of brilliant successes.

Studying men, not less than books, he was enabled to read them in their various relations of judges, jurors, parties, and witnesses, with entire accuracy, and to guide their reason to his own conclusions.

A keen and pure relish for the pleasant things of life, intense domestic love, and the honest pride of the head of family, spurred within him a desire for acquisition, which never degenerated into parsimony, nor was allowed upon any inducement, to encroach upon

the rights of others. High honor, and the most scrupulous regard for the pledged word, stood sleepless sentinels over it.

Throughout life he exercised the most disinterested liberality where his affections were involved. For those he loved, (not speaking alone of his family and relatives) he could not do too much. His purse was open, and his influence and exertions were still more efficacious in their behalf.

His public spirit was pervading. His anxiety was not that some local or special object might flourish, but that the whole city might be relieved or benefited. When he moved, all moved with him, and for that reason it is not invidious to say that the city met with a loss in his death which cannot be supplied—and if it be invidious, it is none the less true, because there are few men with the same power of accomplishment, experience, influence, means, and willingness to labor for her benefit. With him to attempt was to do.

To the Fire Department of Detroit his memory will remain a sweet legacy. For their elevation and advancement, he devoted years of his best days, without reward, except that reward which he reaped from witnessing their success. It is not for them to grieve, as the city may and should grieve at his death. He had made their interests his own, until he had done for them all which they could reasonably ask, and now,

when their memory takes its flight backward, to refresh itself by a contemplation of the many delightful hours of intercourse with him, that recollection will arise upon them as a sentiment of gratitude, as to one who had conferred upon them strength, position, independence and respect, and who dying had left them to enjoy, and dignify, and appreciate those gifts. Should its members continue to hold him in their hearts and memories until that hour when the immortal shall put off its mortality, they will do no more than he did, for in naming his pall-bearers, within a few hours of his death, he gave most unerring testimony that they dwelt with him, even unto the end.

James A. Van Dyke was the eldest son of William Van Dyke, a native of Pennsylvania, who resides at Locust Grove, near Mercersburg, Franklin county, about sixteen miles from the north line of Maryland. His mother was Nancy Duncan, a native of Cumberland county, Pa. These parents had six children, of whom Lambert lives at Clarksville, Red Run county, Texas, Ellen the only daughter lives in Pennsylvania, William R. lives with or near his father, John H. is a lawyer at Milwaukee, and Samuel W. lives in Wisconsin, twenty-eight miles west of Milwaukee.

The subject of this memorial commenced his education under private tutors at Mercersburg, and was thus fitted for Madison College, which he entered in 1828.

At College he was a decided favorite with the faculty, and was popular also with his fellow students. He was studious and exemplary, carrying out in his deportment and bearing, the strict inculcations which he had received from his parents, at the fire-side.

After leaving College, he commenced the study of the law, with Hon. George Chambers, at Chambersburg, where he remained one year. He then went to Hagerstown, Md., where he continued to prosecute his legal studies, under the direction of Hon. William Price, now of Cumberland, whose name will be recalled to many by a recollection of the circumstances of his duel with Frank Thomas. After the completion of his law studies, Mr. Van Dyke went to Baltimore to enjoy the opportunity of attending upon the Courts, and remained there some months. In the month of December, 1834, he left home intending to settle in Pittsburg, but disliking the place, determined to go further west, and being undecided whether to choose St. Louis or Detroit, finally resolved to be governed by accident—the starting of the public conveyance. Having reached Detroit, Mr. Van Dyke entered the office of Hon. A. D. Frazer, to whom he had letters, and at the end of six months, that term of residence being required by law, he was admitted to the bar.

From the very outset of his career, Mr. Van Dyke devoted himself with the utmost assiduity to his pro-

fession. It was the calling of his choice, and his peculiar and rich gifts rendered him entirely fit to pursue its higher, more honorable, and more distinguished walks.

During the year 1835, he associated himself in practice with the late Hon. Charles W. Whipple, and remained in that connection until about the time of the appointment of that gentleman to the bench of the Supreme Court, in 1838. In the course of the first few months of his residence in Detroit, he became attached to Miss Elizabeth Desnoyers, daughter of the late Hon. Peter J. Desnoyers, and was married to that lady in December, 1835. This union proved to both a source of the highest and most uninterrupted domestic happiness, and was blessed by the birth of eleven children, eight of whom now survive. Mrs. Van Dyke possesses all the tenderness and natural refinement of heart, all the deep and pure affection, the steadfastness of character, and the strength of principle, necessary to attract and retain the love, as well as the esteem of such a husband. No shadow ever passed between them. No domestic joy in which both did not partake, no sorrow which did not dim the eyes of both with tears.

Soon after the elevation of Judge Whipple to the bench, Mr. Van Dyke formed a copartnership with E. B. Harrington, Esq., which continued up to the time

of the death of that gentleman, in August, 1844, soon after which he entered into a copartnership with H. H. Emmons, Esq., which relation subsisted until both of these gentlemen, for the most part left the general active practice of the law, in the year 1852, when Mr. Van Dyke became the attorney of the Michigan Central Railroad, Mr. Emmons, very soon after, taking up that relation to the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad. In the year 1840, Mr. Van Dyke was appointed prosecuting attorney of the county of Wayne, and established a new era in the efficacy, energy, and success with which he conducted the criminal prosecutions, and cleared the city and county of numerous and flagrant criminals. During the continuance of Mr. Van Dyke in this office, he kept up the same vigilance, and exercised the same indefatigable determination, in the prosecution of crime. At the annual charter election in March, 1843, Mr. Van Dyke was elected an alderman from the third ward of the city of Detroit, an office which he dignified and made useful to the city, by the manner in which he filled the station of chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. The city was then hopelessly in debt, its credit was nearly ruined, its interest unpaid, and its creditors importunate. At this crisis Mr. Van Dyke stepped forward, and with great personal sacrifice, devoted the better portion of two years of time to the explication

of the city finances, bringing order out of confusion, and substituting faith, credit and solvency, for repudiation, bankruptcy and financial disgrace. His subsequent election as Mayor of the city, which took place in March, 1847, enabled him to perfect the system of recuperation, so well commenced, and to mature permanent plans for the future credit, solvency and prosperity of the city.

Mr. Van Dyke was an active and influential member of the present Board of Commissioners of the Detroit Water Works, having been appointed when the present organization was made, and in that capacity also, he evinced that leading principle of his life, to take hold of nothing—to assume no responsibility which he did not redeem by the most faithful and energetic application to its details and management.

Mr. Van Dyke was a working fireman from the time of his arrival in Detroit. He became a member of Protection No. 1 very soon after reaching Detroit, and served out his seven years at the brakes. He was chosen President of the Department in January, 1847, and was re-chosen in 1848, 1849, 1850 and 1851.

To his financial tact, energy and determination, no less than to his deep regard for the Department, and his pride in its success and advancement, the firemen of Detroit are mainly indebted for the possession of a hall which is an ornament to the city.

In this brief sketch we shall make no attempt to present in detail the course of Mr. Van Dyke's public or professional life, it is sufficient for our design, and for the purpose for which it is intended, that we recall the leading traits of the deceased, his social qualities, and his civic virtues, in such terms as shall serve to keep them fresh in the recollection of those who in life enjoyed the choice and valuable privilege of grasping his hand in confidence, and of calling him—*friend.*

Among all such, and throughout the State of Michigan they were not few, it is believed that none will be found who will not join in bearing testimony of his private, his professional and his public life,

"*Non tetigit quod non ornavit.*"

While prosecuting his legal studies, Mr. Van Dyke gained remarkable notoriety as a ready and powerful debater, and displayed, from the very first, a marked taste for public speaking.

The old walls of the homestead—the little chamber which he called his own, when a boy, are silent witnesses of the enthusiasm for art, which lived within him. Later in life, when prosperity and self-achieved success had enabled him to decorate the walls of his mansion with the choice efforts of Italian masters, that rich display, in which he took unwearied delight, and upon which his eye rested with daily satisfaction, was

but the bloom, of which the bud showed itself in the rude engravings with which his boyish hands decked the walls of his home.

He was slender and delicate as a youth, averse to boisterous sports, to hunting, to feats of strength, and to all boyish pastimes. He delighted in poetry, solitude, nature, and art.

His depth of feeling, his strong natural affection, and the striking similarity which subsisted between himself and his mother, rendered the tie between them peculiarly close and tender. Although he reverenced and obeyed his father, yet the natural austerity of the paternal manner, and the rigid notions of the past generation, served to draw him to a mother, whom he resembled not less in person than in tenderness of heart and depth of feeling.

Mr. Van Dyke possessed one of those rare natures, which never grow old. His young associations were as fresh in him as were the emotions of the hour. He never returned to the place of his birth without renewing his acquaintance with every person and place which filled his memory. His old teachers, the old servants, the nooks in which he was wont to study, or to wander by himself, the family pew, the school room, the lawyer with whom he studied, the school-friends, were all visited, all enjoyed alike, and none forgotten.

The association of power, with such qualities of

heart, never failed to attract, and to attach. It is almost needless to say that he had many friends, and entirely so to add that when once drawn to him, they could not be dissevered. Envy, detraction and malice might have tried their efforts in vain, to sever from him a single heart which he had accepted in friendship and intimacy. His was a nature against which strangers might be easily arrayed, but from which friends could not be driven.

His powers were of the rapidest use, and of the readiest adaptation. He was not to be caught napping, nor was he ever dismayed at the most formidable array of opposition. Just previous to his admission to the bar, he was employed in the office of Mr. Price, in preparing an important cause for trial. On the day of his admission, and as soon as he had taken the oath, Mr. Price arose, and without previous information to Mr. Van Dyke, informed the Court and opposing counsel, that he was about to leave town upon urgent business, and that he had left the case—naming it—in the hands of Mr. Van Dyke to try, and then walked coolly out of Court. It is enough to say that the young lawyer tried his first cause under those circumstances, and won it. This anecdote, which is authentic, and which was related to the writer since Mr. Van Dyke's death, by a lawyer conversant with the facts, proves that the estimate placed upon his talents, by the saga-

cious barrister of Hagerstown, was not a mistaken one.

Upon a recollection of the qualities and capacities of the deceased, whether we regard him professionally, as the brilliant, honorable and successful practitioner, as the earnest worker for the welfare of the city, as the leader in the Common Council, or as the civic head of the corporation; as the benefactor of the Fire Department, as the social, hospitable, generous associate, as the upright and high-toned citizen, or in the more rare and choice relation of a close and intimate friend, it is impossible to look back upon his memory without being ready to feel and confess how deeply our community suffered in his untimely death. In the order of nature, and especially with a robust conformation like his, it was not unreasonable to look forward to thirty years of usefulness and activity, but fate had otherwise ordained it.

> "Like other tyrants, death delights to smite,
> What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of power
> And arbitrary nod. His Joy supreme,
> To bid the wretch survive the fortunate,
> The feeble wrap the athletic in his shroud,
> And weeping fathers build their children's tomb."

He has gone. The soft breezes of summer have played around his grave, dreary winter has frowned above it, spring has returned to it, with her showers and sunshine; yet the memory of him who lies

beneath that turf, lives in freshness in many hearts where his pleasant smile and his kind acts planted it—it is tear-watered and will not fade. For those who hold the deceased in their hearts, it is pleasant to reflect, that there are not wanting, faithful memorials which speak of his presence. The walls of the hall whose chaste proportions grew to splendor under his guardian eye and bounteous hand, wear a graphic token of his living being, the loved ones around his hearth, cherish their symbol of his presence, first, among the rich works of art which he brought together from other climes, his associates call up fresh recollections, in their own memento, and many a heart, which beat joyously at his footstep, which rejoiced in his smile and met his cordial grasp with pleasure, will turn to this volume, against the title page of which, through the generosity of those who loved him, the pencil and the burin have vied with each other in reproducing their dear friend, as he was wont to stand before them, while in life.

His early death taught a deep moral lesson, of which the hour and circumstances of his burial formed no inappropriate type. It was a bright, balmy May morning, when he passed from among dancing leaves, verdure and the singing of birds, into the damp, unsightly grave. The blue waves of the sweet St. Clair cresting themselves in the fresh breeze, dashed joyously on, the swift, stately, silent panorama of life moved by upon

its bosom, and from around his bier, as a last touching testimonial of his living tastes,* there arose a strain of harmony, so rich, so sweet, so pure, that it seemed breathed from heaven to grace the scene. Thus ended his career, in the midst of his brightest hours, while its sun was yet undimmed, and when its richest and loveliest flowers were in their undiminished bloom; while the zest for the highest human enjoyments were yet unpalled by age; while affluence endowed, taste chastened, and friendship sanctified the hours of an existence yet in its spring. How close, how humiliating the lesson which such an open grave teaches! Talent, genius, effort and public virtue can achieve honor, wealth and comfort; they can attach friends, ensure respect and confer power; but to arrest death for a single hour, even when the incentives to live are the strongest—they are impotent!

Let our feet seek his tomb, and there, while we reflect upon the pleasant passages of life in which we have had a mutual share with him who lies slumbering below, let us not seek to repress the tear which is due to the chastened hearts of those who mourn him as a husband, a father, a son and a brother, nor let us turn thence without a silent prayer that the example of his steadfastness, honor, fidelity, generosity and true friendship, may abide with us as incentives to higher

* Dodworth's Cornet Band performed a beautiful dirge at the grave.

effort, and to loftier aims of life. Of all which he struggled to attain,—of all which he sought to avoid, let his grave be to us a solemn inculcation.

"To youth, to age, alike his tablet pale
Tells the brief moral of its tragic tale.
Art thou a parent? Reverence his bier,
The parent's fondest hopes lie buried there.
Art thou a youth, prepared on life to start,
With opening talents and a generous heart,
Fair hopes and flattering prospects, all thine own?
Lo! his, their end — a monumental stone."

EULOGY

ON THE LATE

HON. JAMES ADAMS VAN DYKE,

PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE

FIRE DEPARTMENT

Of the City of Detroit, at their request, on the 10th of May, 1855, in Firemen's Hall,

By D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD, Esq.

Fellow Members of the Fire Department,

It is as your appointed mouth-piece only, in the heavy sorrow of this day, that I speak. The human heart, when its emotions are swelling upward from the deep springs of a wounded spirit, like the crystal fount of the forest, when the rising stream gushes over its rocky brim, must and will find vent. And thus to unbosom ourselves, and open the sluice-gates of our sorrowing hearts have we gathered within the walls of this edifice, this day consecrated anew in our minds by the memories of its origin and its most devoted friend. These habiliments of mourning; these solemn countenances; yonder picture still smiling from out its melancholy drapery upon those who by the living original

were ever hailed and cherished as friends; these tumultuous emotions that beat like ocean waves within our bosoms; yonder solemn assembly with its pealing organ and sobbing choir; and above all, that manly but silent form now sleeping so quietly in the sealed coffin, hang all around us as dark clouds of witnesses, arresting us in our various paths, and testifying in tones more than earthly, that the power of another world overshadows us.

Alas! that the story of our loss should prove so true! It was first whispered in our ears by the near and devoted friends who had just heard the soul's departing sigh, then confirmed by the sable badge that swings at the house of death; soon re-echoed in the various resolutions of public bodies and private associations, and to-day emblazoned on the pages of the daily press. This moment it has wailed to us in the sweet but melancholy strains of yonder band, and in that far-extended procession from which we have for a moment withdrawn, revealing as it were in panoramic view the land of departed spirits, it crowds its solemn evidence before our moistened view, and with fiery finger writes upon our suffering hearts the record, "*James A. Van Dyke is no more!*"

Difficult as it is for the mind to receive and retain this unwelcome announcement, yet is it even so, and soon we must be reconciled to the harsh reality that

leaves this void in our ranks. Soon the places which have on every side known him so well, will know him no more forever. His form which in manly comeliness and pride was wont so often to rise within these walls, lies motionless and shrouded for eternity. That hand which with so much confidence and cheer, but a few years since laid the foundation-stone of this beautiful building, never again shall clasp the hand of earthly friend,—that voice so musical and welcome to our ears, so invariably called for in the public assembly, and so often heard in that Forum where many of us labor, still lingers with its pleasant cadence in our ears, but it is a silvery echo from the Past; we shall hear it no more forever. The Seal that Death stamps upon the grave is broken only by the trump of the Resurrection, "when we shall all be changed," "in the twinkling of an eye;" for the inspired Ones of old assure us that "the trumpet *shall* sound, and the dead *shall* be raised."

> "But he was OURS — and may that word of pride
> Drown, with its lofty tone, pain's bitter cry" —

and as we set apart this brief moment to our sorrow, the memory of his virtues as they shone with genial warmth along his daily path, will alleviate that grief which now smites so sorely upon our hearts—this farewell meditation shall, for the time at least, check its flow, as we offer you a few hurried words shewing the

relations of our brother with this Department, as one of its most active and zealous members, and the sympathizing and devoted friend of all who were connected with it. His early life among us, and his professional history, I am compelled from want of time briefly to pass over. To many of you it is known already, and to those who know it not, the testimony of the various public bodies with which he was connected, and the columns of a sympathizing press will soon make it familiar.

Mr. Van Dyke was born in the month of December, 1813, in the county of Franklin and State of Pennsylvania. He was educated among her rugged mountains in his early youth, and received his diploma at the age of 19, from the faculty of Madison College, at Uniontown, in the same State. Immediately after his graduation he commenced the study of the law, which he pursued in the offices of Mr. Price of Hagerstown and Mr. Meredith of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland. In the year 1834 he for the first time entered within the limits of our city and bearing in his hands a letter of introduction from the present Secretary* of the Department of the Interior, to our fellow citizen, the Hon. Mr. Frazer, he announced himself as an intended citizen of Detroit, and at once gave himself up to a preparation for legal practice under Mr. Frazer. That preparation,

* Hon. Robert McClelland.

with his ardent temperament and unflagging energy was soon completed, and having married in the following year the daughter of one of our then oldest citizens, (the late Peter J. Desnoyers, Esq.) he launched his bark with a brave confidence in his own spirit for a successful issue to the tempestuous conflicts before him.

It is not necessary for me in the presence of this assemblage of citizens to say, that Mr. Van Dyke proved himself in his after life a devoted friend to his adopted city. When he first entered its borders, it yet remained but a small provincial town, numbering perhaps 6000 inhabitants, and of the most contracted dimensions. True, the same beautiful river that gives us our name, then rolled its clear waters along our shores, and the same sky overhung its few and unpretending wooden tenements; but these are about all that remain to us of the Detroit of that day. Then, our lamented brother, as he stood upon the margin of this yet wild but glorious stream—a pilgrim boy in the wilderness of the West—saw not the magnificent piles of overhanging warehouses, and heavy buildings which to-day crowd and crown its banks. No palace-like Steamers, such as the gorgeous "Plymouth Rock" and "Western World," then vexed with their thunder-sounding wheels the silent waters that glided by our forest-girt shores; nor indeed in that day were such boats seen on any waters

that wash the earth. A few high-roofed wooden buildings, crowded closely together, and forming splendid material for universal conflagration, still remained as it had long previously been, the striking characteristic of our then unfinished city. No broad avenues stretched for miles, as those of to-day, in all directions from the city's centre; no paved streets or spacious walks were then known among us; no busy crowds thronged along our highways; no locomotives screamed defiant chorus from either side of our river; no extensive shops, now filled with brawny arms, reared their lofty walls around Vulcanic depots; no tide of commerce poured its mighty stream thro' our city's streets, nor brilliant lamps rolled back the darkness of the night; no Firemen's Hall spread out its hospitable roof for us or those who preceded us in the gallant but oppressive labors of this Organization; no limpid stream poured its cooling tide thro' miles of iron arteries beneath your streets, and gushed at the Fireman's bid from innumerable fountains throughout your wide extent; nor was the city even half protected by the presence of sufficient and competent engines, such as now obey your command in every ward of our city.

All these public conveniences and improvements, then absent, are now with us, and shared in by a population of 50,000 people. How much Mr. Van Dyke had to do with their procurement and advancement

among us, is well known to you all, and need not here be particularly stated. Within a year or two after his arrival in this city, his name was enrolled on the list of members, composing "Protection Fire Company, No. 1," the first duly organized Fire Company in Detroit; and with them he served out his full time, receiving from the hands of its officers a regular and honorable discharge. In the ever memorable and devastating fires that wasted different portions of our city in the years 1837, 1842 and 1848, he, as an humble fireman, contended with the fearful element, and rendered his share of service (nor was it small) in bringing it again under subjection, and withholding it from the further destruction of the store, the shop and the fire-side. While an active member of his Company, he appeared ambitious only for the discharge of his duty as such. No matter how rudely raged the storm, whether armed with the rains of summer, or the ice and hail of freezing winter, his step was turned toward his engine so soon as the alarm bell rang its warning peal upon the ear. He was obstinate in the avoidance of office, though his fellow members frequently urged it upon his acceptance, and would only consent to serve as their Representative Trustee to this Department, which he did for many years. As is so appropriately expressed in his address, but a year or two since delivered to you from this stand, and repeated in your

resolutions just passed, he "deemed it a worthy ambition to dedicate himself to the work with heart brave and steadfast, tenacious of his obedience to law and order, and with an elevated and stern determination to tread only the path of rectitude."

From the day he first signed the Constitution and by-laws of his company, and laid his hand upon the brakes, he continued a firm and devoted friend of the Fire Department. His influence over its members, no one will deny, was unbounded, and as confessed in your resolutions, its tendency was ever "to strengthen the unity and preserve the integrity of [your] fellowship by appealing in times of conflict and dissension to [your] better feelings as men, and to [your] regard for duty as firemen and citizens."

While the Department, as a whole, was feeble, undisciplined, and by no means comfortable in its appointments, he infused life and energy into its various branches. An *esprit du corps* was aroused, which soon revived new companies and reformed old, changed the attire and appearance of the fireman, added to his self respect, and gave additional dignity to his position and vocation; secured new and improved engines; multiplied and located them in different parts of the city; awakened a sentiment of sympathy on the part of the city government with the Department; and continually suggested some new scheme of reform;

until ere long from chaos appeared order; from confusion, discipline; from that which was unattractive, beauty and comeliness. It was the good fortune of Mr. Van Dyke, after this slow maturity of our present unrivalled Department, creeping up as it did from a nucleus of less than fifty men, to walk through our streets as its President, followed by members tastefully apparelled, and numbered by hundreds, and by engines beautiful, and as well appointed and ornamented as any in our Union. This was his triumph, and he deserved it, for his labors had been more than commensurate with his reward.

In the year 1840, still careful for the interests of the Fire Department, he framed and procured the passage of its law of Incorporation. The Department was at once organized under the provisions of this Charter, and for five successive years he served as its popular and efficient President. During that period the Department passed its crisis of trial, and in consequence of the untiring energies of its chief officer, his assiduous labors, and his never failing vigilance and care, he was enabled on retiring from the office of President, to leave it on the high road to prosperity, possessed of this elegant building which will long stand "a monument of his public spirit, his enduring perseverance, his iron will and his deep financial skill and sagacity." So long as the Hall shall bear the name given to it by him, so

long as the Firemen of the city of Detroit shall continue here to assemble, yea! so long as one of these stones shall remain upon another, his name, and the story of his generous kindness shall linger on the lips of those who now live to do him honor, and of such as coming after him, and reading it afresh from the artist's canvass, (which, happily for our Department, now so appropriately adorns these walls,) shall send it down with blessings to successive generations.

In the year 1847, Mr. Van Dyke was elected Mayor of the city, and gave himself up to a close and careful superintendence and administration of its affairs. The city was then badly in debt, and that debt had, up to this period, never been accurately ascertained or funded. During his term of office this was accomplished, and a reduction of the public debt in the sum of a few thousand dollars first made.

While thus administering the affairs of the city, he was not unmindful of the wants of this Department, but gave them his continued and interested attention. All that it was right and proper for the city then to do in its support and improvement, was fully accomplished, and no inconsiderable part of the service already referred to as having been thus rendered, was given during this period.

Nor did his interest or labors cease on his retiring from the office of Mayor, but were even still more

effectively given during subsequent years, and until the present building was constructed, and this Hall dedicated on the night of the 4th of December, 1851. Nor were these services unappreciated by the Department, as may be seen by reference to a report of their committee, appointed to audit the accounts of the building committee, and adopted by the Department on the 8th of December, 1851. After the completion of the building, Mr. Van Dyke transferred the management of its fiscal affairs back to the Department, showing in his report the small balance only of $11.32 due from the Treasury, notwithstanding the varied and heavy disbursements which had been made by the building committee, a large portion of which however had been provided for by their procurement of a loan of money through Mr. Van Dyke's agency, and which was secured by bond and mortgage upon the property.

This committee say, "Your committee would take occasion to speak of the very faithful and efficient manner in which the building committee have performed the various and important duties devolving on them, and especially would they call the attention of the Board to the very large share of those duties performed by the chairman of said committee, James A. Van Dyke, Esq. When the pressing nature and multiplicity of his own private business is considered, we can better estimate the great sacrifices he must have

made for the good of this Department, with whose best interests he has ever been identified, and for the promotion of which he has done more than any other member, however devoted he may have been. It is a matter of congratulation to every member of this Department, that after years of strenuous effort, we have at last seen the capstone laid on our splendid Hall—a building at once the pride of every Fireman, and an ornament to our beautiful city, whose generous and liberal citizens have contributed so largely to this, the cherished object of every fireman. And in view of what we owe, as a Department, to the gentlemen who have served us so faithfully on the building committee, your committee would respectfully submit the following resolution:

Resolved, That Hon. James A. Van Dyke, Hon. Edmund A. Brush, Wm. Barclay, Geo. Foote, and Henry H. Leroy, Esquires, are entitled to the warmest thanks of this Department for the very faithful and efficient manner in which they have discharged the duties devolving on them as building committee, and this Department will long remember them as their warmest friends.

The honored name at the head of this list of acknowledged benefactors, was but yesternight stricken from the roll of the living members of this Department; and henceforth you are called upon to extend your pledged remembrance of him beyond the walks of life and the darkness of the grave. The good that a man does lives after him; and shall not this heaven-inspired

sentiment receive further confirmation—a new illustration, in the faithful tribute you will render our departed brother, by ever keeping fresh around your heart the memory of his deeds? We may write down his virtues upon our public Journals, and herald them through the press, but these are perishable records at best, and the moth may obliterate, or the fire destroy them ere the ashes of the departed shall have mingled with its kindred dust. It is in the secret chambers of the *heart* alone that we can best preserve the excellencies of our brother's character; and when these hearts shall begin slowly to contract beneath the withering hand of age, let us transfer the sacred trust unto those still younger, who take their pulses from our own, and thus shall our ardent love for the dead be perpetuated through the coming years.

The sincerity of our friend's affection and devotion to your interests will not be questioned. And though by some he may possibly have been supposed to maintain his relations with your Department for ulterior and purely selfish ends, and with a view perhaps of strengthening himself politically, or otherwise, in the community; yet where, I confidently ask, is the evidence of such a design? Although stimulated by a laudable degree of ambition for the good opinion of his friends and the public; successful almost beyond comparison in the accumulation of wealth and professional

rank and honors; beloved and cherished in an eminent degree by all classes of our citizens; and until quite recently flushed with the promise of many years of health and domestic happiness, yet has he steadily and inflexibly withheld himself from a contest for political honors. With the exception of his election to the Mayoralty in 1847, (to which allusion has already been made,) he has never suffered his name to emblazon any party banner, although ever faithful and devoted to the party of his choice. For many years he occupied throughout our State a prominent position politically, and was always among the first to open the campaign and respond to the bugle that rallied the opposing hosts of the Union. A conservative Whig—he was not the less devoted and firm in his attachment to Freedom; and in her defence against the usurpations of aggressive Slavery he was eloquent in speech and untiring in action. Thus prominent as a politician, and beloved as he always was by the masses, yet still standing aloof from a personal scramble after party honors, who will deny that at least in his intercourse with you, and in his labors on your behalf, it was the nobleness of his nature alone that animated him; and that he served you as you serve and toil for those who sit by your fireside, *simply because the love and affection of your heart bids you to the work.*

Such, and such only were the motives that actuated him whom we thus openly lament, and to whose name and memory amid these fleeting moments we fraternally tender all the earthly honors within our limited reach. His heart was large, and he was (much more than most of us) strongly governed by his sensibilities. The nicely strung chords of that heart vibrated in sympathy with the shrunken form of poverty as it glided by his side with stealthy step, and some of us have seen the tear unbidden flow over his flushed cheek when the sorrowing child of guilt bowed his head on the rail of the prisoner's box before him, to sob unseen over his impending fate. Nor did any one (and I appeal to him who deems himself the humblest man in this assembly) ever present himself at his office door for counsel or assistance, who went away unrelieved, or still bowed down in heaviness of spirit. The warmth of our friend's affections were strikingly revealed in his readiness to grasp the hand of whosoever saluted him, whether it was the soft-gloved gentleman or the swarthy blacksmith, fresh from his anvil; in the smile that at the same time broke like the brightness of the morning over his handsome countenance; in the easy and winning manner that characterized him of addressing those he esteemed by the softness of their boyhood's name; and in his promptness to open his ear for the grievances of all, whether assailed in the quiet-

ness of his office, the rush of the Courts, or the throng of the highway. Nor were any of his compeers so ready or so competent in those delicate cases of family, neighborly, or professional differences, or those still more complicated cases which so often arise between those engaged in some common business or pursuit, to solve the mystery that perplexed, or cut the Gordian knot that fettered his friend, as was he. With a mind ever clear and active, intuitively empowered to fathom the profoundest intricacies, or trace the most Labyrinthian passages, he was endowed with powers and faculties that fitted him fully and completely for the work of his life. In addition to all this, he loved to find opportunities of bringing these peculiar powers into requisition, and with an honest and commendable pride, delighted to find himself the successful arbitrer between litigants and friends.

His wealth of speech, his manner soft and bland, all enabled him to deal successfully and at the same time acceptably to all with whom he was brought in contact; but as we realize the sad change that has come over these, his once glorious gifts, we may well exclaim, —

> "Great man of language, whence this mighty change?
> This dumb despair and drooping of thy head?
> Tho' strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
> And deep insinuation's softer arts,

In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how fallen now! Thick mists and silence
Rest like a weary cloud upon thy breast;
Ah! where is now thy oft uplifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turned period, and the sweet-tuned voice
With all those lesser ornaments of phrase?
Fled, all forever, as they ne'er had been."

It would be a pleasant indulgence, did our time permit thus to extend our sketch of the benevolent and agreeable traits of Mr. Van Dyke's character, as exhibited in his readiness to aid in the advancement of any desirable public or private enterprise, and which at various times have been so signally manifested in his devotion to this Department as a body, and to its members individually. But pleasant as the task might be our exercise here is limited, and we hasten forward in our melancholy reflections.

And in order that you may see how the community at large concur in this expression, as to the character of the deceased, I have but to refer you to the action of the Common Council at their last session. Their official presence in the ranks of this day's procession likewise tells us that the death of James A. Van Dyke is a public loss, and in behalf of our entire population, who have in so many ways received the advantages of his counsel and labors, they offer such tribute of respect as they are enabled to give to his departed worth. A

citizen of twenty years' standing, influential, honorable, enterprising, public-spirited and just, has suddenly been taken from us, and the city shrouds her Hall in black, and mourns her loss.

Nor does it seem inappropriate for me, as an humble member of that profession he so much adorned, (remembering that twelve years ago I was by him officially examined and kindly bidden to enter that gate of active life, which with a smile he then opened before me,) here to state the high estimation placed on Mr. Van Dyke by the Bar of Detroit, whose Secretary he has been since the death of the lamented Talbott. I would point you to that assemblage of his brethren gathered but yesterday morning in the Court room, where he had so often by his legal ability, his acumen, and eloquence won for himself those laurels which all his brethren so kindly conceded to him, and which must long bloom fragrantly around his tomb, and bid you mark the scene there enacting. The venerable President of the Bar, who had, twenty-one years ago, received him into his office as a student, rises in his place, and with words half smothered with emotion, announces the death of him who was long acknowledged to be "the pride of the Bar." He sketches his professional career, his moral worth, his energy, benevolence and greatness of heart; and having invited an expression of sentiment from the Bar, with tears upon

his cheek, drops into his seat. A sacred silence pervades the room, the Committee appointed for the purpose soon report their resolutions with faltering tongue; one or two rise to support them, and to breathe forth their sorrow; but the blow is too severe — those hearts that had so recently beat warmly against the one that now beats no more, were too full for speech, and in sadness and silence they disperse to their offices and their own gloomy thoughts. But their record is behind them, and from it we learn that they have spoken thus:

Resolved, By the Bar of Detroit, that we have heard of the death of our distinguished brother, the Hon. James A. Van Dyke, with the most profound sensibility.

Resolved, That we deplore this sudden death and unexpected bereavement, not only as a loss to our city and State, but as a peculiar loss to our profession, of which he was an eminent member and so distinguished an ornament.

Resolved, That we who have been the witnesses and sharers of his professional labors, can bear full testimony to the genius, skill, learning and industry which he brought to that profession, to which he devoted alike the chivalrous fire of his youth, and the riper powers of his manhood, in which he cherished a manly pride, and whose best honors and success he so rapidly and so honorably achieved.

Resolved, That while we bear this just tribute to the fine intellect of our deceased brother, we turn with greater pleasure to those generous qualities of his heart, which endeared him to us all as a companion and friend; which have left tender memorials with so many of his younger brothers, of grateful sympathy and assistance rendered when most needed; and which made his life a bright example of just and honorable conduct in all its relations.

Resolved, That though devoted to the profession of his choice, yet he was never indifferent to the wider duties which were devolved upon

him by society at large, and he filled the many public stations to which he was called by the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens, with an earnestness, purity and ability which was alike honorable to himself and serviceable to the public.

Resolved, That we most respectfully tender our sincere sympathy to his bereaved family and relations, and the Secretary of this meeting is requested to transmit to Mrs. VAN DYKE, and to his aged father, a duly attested copy of these resolutions.

Such is the testimony of those who knew him best, who engaged daily with him in the rough struggles of professional contest, who must have seen him when most severely tried by his passions, who discussed before the Courts with him questions often largely affecting the interests of his clients, (and other than he no client had more faithful and devoted counsel,) and all of whom unite to honor him with their choicest and purest tribute.

Of kindred character is the testimony of minor Associations, such as the Detroit Young Men's Society, among others, of which he was one of the earliest Presidents, and ever a warm friend; and also the beautiful and touching tribute paid to him by the Board of Water Commissioners, which appears in this morning's Journals.

With such a record of tender tributes as these to the memory of our departed brother, it is not necessary for us to add that he was a devoted husband and father. He whose heart so readily warms to the friends of the outside world will surely gather the wife of his bosom

and the children of his love close to his side, and bind them tenderly with the arms of affection. Even so was it with our friend.

Previous to his own departure Death had been brooding over his house, and beneath the dreadful shadow of his wing two of his babes sickened and died. Their loss was sorely felt by the father, and though dangerously unwell himself, still like the wounded eagle he hovered about the nest of his little ones, and vainly strove to drive off the fell destroyer — alas! that while thus engaged the arrow of the Avenger should find its way through the joints of the harness, and touch his noble heart! But thus he fell amid his fluttering brood, and the King of Terrors rejoices over his mighty victory. The home once so cheerful is now sad and silent. The cry of the children for the tender father's embrace rolls back upon their heavy hearts unanswered. The devoted wife sits desolate amid her broken flock, and bewails the loss of so much love from the earth. An aged father in a distant State bows his gray hairs in sorrow, and prays for Death to lead him away to his beloved son in the spirit land, while universal grief outbursting like the tempest, sweeps with crushing power over the hearts of his myriad friends.

But thus it is—Van Dyke has fallen just as his feet had stepped upon the pinnacle of success. Riches, honors, a happy home, innumerable friends, and a fair

prospect of many years of life to come, were all his; but at the midnight hour the step of the relentless King is heard in his chamber, and at one fell swoop, he is robbed of all. A death like this, so akin to a public calamity, we almost fancy in our sudden alarm, would shock the very wheels of Nature, and pale the stars with grief. But while men mourn, Nature smiles, and puts on fresh splendors. The grass springs up in its strength, and the flowers to-day are bursting their petals on the verdant sod that holds his new made grave. The blue sky above us, on which we almost fancy our great sorrow will be traced by an Almighty hand, sheds smiles and gentle dews upon the earth; the dusky robe of night is yet adorned with her starry jewels, while the unpitying sun still presses on through the heavens in his glory, unchecked by the sorrows of earth, unclouded by her gloom. Beyond the sacred place appointed for his final rest, and washed by the crystal waters of the "Detroit," stretch afar his own broad lands, whose groves are even now vocal with the songs of spring's feathered heralds. But those songs reach not the ear of him who has wandered for the last time amid their pensive shade.

"The dew is on that Spring-time's greenest grass,
Thro' which the modest daisy blushing peeps;
The gentle wind that like a ghost doth pass,
A waving shadow on his meadow keeps;
But he who loved them all, shall never be
Again among those woods, or on that meadow's lea."

But in this undisturbed repose of Nature, as contrasted with this sudden eclipse of all life's brightest prospect, there lurks a lesson that we, who yet remain in the world's great bustle, should receive and improve. It is, that though we should here gather to ourselves riches and honors, though men should rise up and uncover their heads in our presence, though the meridian of life only may have been reached, and in our vain confidence we look boldly forward to a happy future; though the spring-time be upon us, and the flowers of earth nod smiles and blessings in our fearless faces, yet even *then* may the Night come, and sorrow and tears be poured into the cups of our children. Nor would Nature withhold her smiles, or the world stay its crowding march to mourn over our loss. The physical Universe in which we dwell, sustained and guided by Omnipotence, would still sweep on in its course, until its mission be fulfilled. But, as is so often whispered by that still small voice within the secret chambers of man's soul, there is *another* world for intelligent creatures, whose territory begins beyond the grave, and is of illimitable extent. It becomes us, then, so to cultivate here the immortal germ within us, that when the summons comes, and we shall have rolled away from us with our mortal part, all the corroding cares that belong to earthly life, our spirits, in the company of the Holy ones, sent down as guides from the Upper World,

and sustained by a triumphant Faith, may wing their way Heavenward, to rest in that land where there is no more sorrow or sighing, and "where tears are wiped away from all eyes"—a land into which we hope the spirit of our departed brother may even now have found happy entrance.

Fellow Firemen, one more duty remains to us! Our brother has passed the threshold of his home for the last time, and now his corpse awaits our company to the grave. Often has he, with saddened heart, trod mournfully behind the coffin of the dead Fireman, and dropped the tear of sorrow on his tomb. In remembrance of his former custom in this respect, and with hearts filled by a grateful recognition of all that he was to us, to the city and the State; let us walk by his remains to the burial Mount,* and with a tear over the past and a blessing on his memory, give to the bursting flowers of advancing Spring all that is left us of our beloved brother, Van Dyke!

* Mt. Elliott Cemetery.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

DETROIT BAR.

Pursuant to notice, the members of the Detroit Bar met at the United States Court room on Wednesday, May 9th, 1855:

On taking the chair, the President, A. D. Fraser, Esq., said: He had called the members of the profession together for the purpose of rendering a suitable tribute to the memory of Hon. James A. Van Dyke, whose death had given a painful shock, not only to the profession, but to the community at large. In the ordinary course of events, he had not expected that it would have fallen to his lot to make this sad announcement. The death of Mr. Van Dyke was an event almost too painful for contemplation to those who knew him in life. Few deaths could have produced such a void, or have brought such sorrow to the social and domestic circle. It came suddenly, and as yet they had not recovered from the painful emotions created

by its announcement; he would not now dwell upon the character and virtues of the deceased. He spoke to those who knew them, and associated with him whom they mourned; and language could but poorly reflect the admiration that all felt for one who was emphatically the pride and the loved of his profession.

In 1835 Mr. Van Dyke, then barely past his majority, left his native State, Pennsylvania, and brought to him (Mr. F.) a letter of introduction from the present Secretary of the Interior. He had preserved that letter as a pleasing memorial of his first acquaintance with one who subsequently became, and to his death continued an esteemed and cherished friend. The letter was as follows:—

MONROE, Feb. 6, 1835.

DEAR SIR—Permit me to introduce to your acquaintance, my friend Mr. Van Dyke, of Pennsylvania. He is one of our profession, and has in his possession testimonials which will entitle him to your respect both as an attorney and as a gentleman. His object is to locate in Detroit, if advisable. Be so good as to advise with him on the subject. Any favor conferred on him will be fully appreciated by your friend,

ROBERT McCLELLAND.

ALEX. D. FRASER, Esq., Detroit.

At this time Mr. Van Dyke entered his office to pursue the studies of his profession. In a short time after he was admitted to practice, and during the remainder of his life, steadily pursued the rugged path which all must tread, who hope to attain positions of

professional distinction and influence. By his learning, ability, perseverance, and more than all else, by his pure and spotless integrity, he rapidly ascended to the highest honors of his profession, and presented an instance of success previously, almost unexampled in the West. In twenty years he had accomplished what in ordinary instances requires a life's labor. He had acquired fame, riches, professional eminence, public honors and offices of high trust and wide-spread popularity, certain to be enduring, because based upon respect for his character and admiration of his abilities. He honorably and faithfully discharged every duty incident to the various high positions he filled. Years would elapse before the Bar would possess another such brilliant ornament, and the public search long before finding another servant so true, upright and able.

To his profession their lamented brother had brought an ample store of legal learning, and qualities peculiar to himself—which recommended him to all—won the friendship of all who knew him, and hushed even in the bosoms of his adversaries, every emotion but kindness towards the man who, during twenty years of active professional life, had never needlessly inflicted pain upon an opponent. In him the younger members of the profession had lost a warm sympathizing friend—towards them he ever cherished the kindest feelings, and probably there are but few among them who would

not to-day recall some act of substantial service, or some graceful courtesy which smoothed or brightened their professional path. Their friend had passed from the scenes of his labors, triumphs and kindly deeds; his sun had gone down while it was yet day; he had left a name dear to his friends—a rich inheritance to his children, consecrated by the remembrance of all those genial qualities and virtues with which he was so richly endowed. He had left a reputation which would be long a beacon-light to every aspiring lawyer—a proud example of what may be accomplished by learning, perseverance and integrity. He had, before the prime of life gathered riches, fame and honors to an extent rarely found, save in connection with gray hairs. But alas! when all was attained—when the future glistened with the promise of all life's sweetest enjoyments and attractions, his sky became overcast—the strong man was stricken down—of the friend so long loved and cherished, nothing now remained but the bright and spotless reputation, gained chiefly by almost unexampled fidelity, ability, perseverance and success at the bar—of that reputation his associates might well be proud! The eloquent advocacy which he so often exhibited in the room where they were assembled, would not soon be forgotten. Here, in one of the principal theatres of his triumphs, they were now met to render to departed worth and greatness,

the last sad tribute of admiring friends. Their loss was irreparable—the void could not be filled, but there was a melancholy consolation in thus meeting to express their feelings and record their opinions. It was fitting and proper to render homage to a name so endeared to the profession.

Judge Hand, after a few remarks upon the solemnity of the occasion, and the thousand generous impulses and talents of the deceased, which called for strong tokens of respect from the admirers of J. A. Van Dyke, said, that having previously spoken at length upon this last subject in the U. S. Circuit Court, he would not now detain the meeting further than to move, that a committee of five be appointed to report resolutions expressive of the sense of the members present.

Judge Hand, G. V. N. Lothrop, Judge Witherell, David E. Harbaugh, and H. D. Terry, were appointed such committee; and, after a brief absence, the following resolutions were accepted and adopted unanimously:

Resolved, by the Bar of Detroit, That we hear of the death of our distinguished brother, the Hon. James A. Van Dyke, with the most profound sensibility.

Resolved, That we deplore this sudden and unexpected bereavement, not only as a loss to our city and State, but as a peculiar loss to our profession, of which he was an eminent member, and so distinguished an ornament.

Resolved, That we who have been witnesses and sharers of his professional labors, can best give full testimony of the genius, skill, learning and industry which he brought to that profession to which

he devoted the chivalrous fire of his youth, and the ripe powers of his manhood; in which he cherished a manly pride, and whose best honors and success he so rapidly and honorably achieved.

Resolved, That while we bear this just tribute to the fine intellect of our deceased brother, we turn with greater pleasure to those generous qualities of his heart which endeared him to us all as a companion and a friend, which left tender memorials with so many of his younger brethren of grateful sympathy and assistance, rendered when most needed, and which made his life a bright example of just and honorable conduct in all its relations.

Resolved, That though devoted to the profession of his choice, yet he was never indifferent to the wider duties which devolved on him in society at large; and he filled the many public stations to which he was called by the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens, with an earnestness, purity and ability, which were alike honorable to himself and useful to the public.

Resolved, That we most respectfully tender our sincere sympathy to his bereaved family and relatives, and the Secretary of this meeting is requested to transmit to Mrs. Van Dyke, and to his aged father, a duly attested copy of these resolutions.

Resolved, That as a token of our sincere sorrow, and of our deep respect for our deceased friend and brother, we will attend his funeral in a body, wearing the customary badge of mourning.

C. I. Walker, Esq., moved the adoption of the resolutions, and said:

It is with diffidence, Mr. President, that I add anything to what has already been said of our deceased friend and brother. It has been my pleasure to know Mr. Van Dyke but for a few years, and such is the case with a large portion of the present members of the Detroit Bar. They are comparatively young and new men. Although Mr. Van Dyke was himself a young

man, yet there are but few—very few present who are not his juniors here. Yet, sir, we have known him long enough and well enough to unite most heartily in the glowing tribute which you have so feelingly paid to his memory, and in the sentiments and emotions so admirably expressed in the resolutions which we have just heard.

Mr. Van Dyke, by his untiring industry, his accurate learning, his quick perceptions, his sound judgment, his fervid eloquence, had placed himself in the very front rank of the Detroit and Michigan Bar—a Bar inferior to that of few, if of any States in the Union. At the early age of forty-two, he had won the highest honors of the profession, short of the judicial ermine, and as sound, judicious lawyer, and able and eloquent advocate, we acknowledged for him no superior, and few equals. As such we were justly proud of him, and deeply do we mourn his loss. Upon whom shall his mantle fall?

But it is as a friend and companion that we mourn him most deeply, for it was in these relations that he was so closely and warmly bound to our hearts. Few men have, in so strong a degree, the power to win and retain friends. His beaming smile, his bland and courteous manners, his ready and warm sympathies, and his ever gentlemanly and winning deportment, had a talismanic power that few could resist and none desired to. The sharp and rugged contests of the profession

are not favorable to the amenities of life, but those asperities that too often mark the conduct of the busy, active lawyer, formed no trait in his character. We may in this, and many other respects, look to him as a bright example for our own guidance.

His death is not without its lessons. In early life, in the full flush of manhood, he had won those earthly rewards that are usually the fruit of a life-long toil—fame, honors, wealth, troops of friends. With the tenderest and happiest social ties—with wife and children, with cultivated tastes, warm and generous sympathies, and with abundant leisure to enjoy these accumulated blessings, a brilliant future seemed open before him; but for him that future in this life no longer exists. In the prime of his manhood he has fallen, almost without a warning. Nor is this the first of similar events that this Bar has been called to mourn. Within the short time that I have been here, the amiable and generous Sumner, the indefatigable and learned Davidson, the pure-minded, noble and philanthropic Barstow, have one after another fallen—not crowned with frosts of age, but in the very vigor of life; and now, latest and saddest of all, Van Dyke has passed from the scene of his hopes, his trials and triumphs.

How soon some of us, in the flush of health and youthful hope, may follow, or who will be the next victim, none can tell.

"The pride of heraldry, the pomp of power,
All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Let us so live that, when our summons comes, we may be prepared for the great change, and may leave behind us a name and an example that shall be tenderly cherished by our friends, and proudly held up to our successors as worthy of their imitation.

Hon. A. W. Buel spoke at length in reference to the distinguished professional career of Mr. Van Dyke—the abilities which marked him in private life, and the warm, generous qualities which endeared him to those who knew him in private life.

Several other members of the Bar addressed the meeting, after which the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

On the suggestions of the President, that several other public bodies would attend the obsequies, Wm. Gray, J. V. Campbell and Levi Bishop were appointed a committee of arrangements.

On motion of Wm. Hale, Esq., it was

Resolved, That the President be requested to present a copy of these proceedings to the Supreme Court and the U. S. Circuit Court.

On motion of Hon. Wm. A. Cook, it was

Resolved, That the proceedings be published in the daily papers.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

COMMON COUNCIL.

At a session of the Common Council of the city of Detroit, held Tuesday, May 8th, 1855, Alderman Lansing addressed the Council as follows:

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen of the Council: It is no common or trifling cause that compels me to address you. While the elements are shrouded, and ill winds and stormy tempests chill our bodies, a still darker cloud and tempest of sorrow assails our hearts. Gentlemen, our friend, the friend of our beloved city, the friend of the friendless, the eloquent advocate, the honest politician, the true man—James A. Van Dyke, is no more! Stricken down by a parent's grief at the loss of his beloved children, after an illness of but comparatively short duration, he has passed away from us forever! It is not unmanly for us to weep. Humanity mourns the departure of such men, and our city is called upon to testify her appreciation of his short, though brilliant career. What has he not done among us? Ask the profession of which he was a most distinguished member—ask that noble band of generous men, our Firemen, whose association, erected, fostered and advanced by him, is an honor to our city—ask that awed multitude who to-day mourn him as their friend and brother.

Gentlemen, I bear this testimonial to his merits, and

look for such action as will testify our sense of this great loss. While it has been your lot to see him in his public life, and admire him as the lawyer and the orator, it has been my happy privilege to be with him more intimately in his home circle, amid his once happy family, and to claim him as my relation and warm friend. Alas, Gentlemen, while we sit here to pass on his character, and pay tribute to his virtues, in that cheerless home, now bereft of his affectionate care and watchful love, a desolate wife and orphaned children send forth the wail of bitter woe. No more shall that voice which, in times past, has sounded trumpet-tongued on our ears, again waken the heart. That voice is silent in death; that heart that beat responsive to every high and glorious emotion is pulseless and cold. In the pride of his days and the sunny hour of life's success, the fiat has gone forth, and he has joined the throng of the early dead.

Mr. Mayor, it is proper that in this connection I should give a brief narrative of the life of our distinguished friend.

James A. Van Dyke was the son of Wm. Van Dyke, of Mercersburg, Pa. He was born in Franklin Co., Pa., in December, 1813; graduated from Madison College, N. Y., in July, 1832; studied law in Hagerstown, Md., with Mr. Price; was admitted to the bar with high honor there, and came to Detroit in the spring of

1834. Here he entered the office of Hon. A. D. Fraser, and was admitted to the Bar in 1835. In 1835–6 he formed a copartnership with Hon. Charles Whipple, which was continued until the latter went on to the Bench. He was appointed City Attorney in 1835, and in 1840 received the appointment of Prosecuting Attorney of Wayne Co., which office he held for two years. Afterwards he formed a connection with Ebenezer Harrington, which was dissolved by the death of the latter. Subsequently he entered into copartnership with H. H. Emmons, Esq., which continued till Mr. E. went south. Since then, he was not actively engaged in practice, but took the solicitorship of the Michigan Central Railroad Company, in which he died.

He was Secretary of the Detroit Bar for the last fifteen years; was Alderman of the city in 1843 and 1844, and Mayor in the year 1847. He was also President of the Young Men's Society, and President of the Fire Department for five years, and chiefly originated the charter and planned the erection of Firemen's Hall. At the time of his death he was one of the Board of Water Commissioners.

Such in brief is his history. In view of all these facts I offer the following, and move their unanimous adoption:

Whereas, This Council have heard with regret of the sudden death of the Hon. James A. Van Dyke, which occurred at his residence in this city yesterday;

And Whereas, He was one of our most prominent, able and useful citizens, long resident among us, and identified with our every interest;

And Whereas, He was elected Mayor of this city in the year 1847, and discharged the duties of that distinguished office with zeal and ability, and satisfactorily to all good citizens;

And Whereas, He occupied for several years the highly honorable post of President of the Fire Department of this city; therefore,

Resolved, That in this sudden afflictive event, we are called on to mourn the loss of the city's benefactor, the earnest friend of our general interests, the honest and fearless counsellor, the upright statesman, the impassioned and brilliant orator, the defender of the oppressed, the worthy and distinguished citizen; that, in whatever position placed, he has honored it, and left behind him a name stainless and irreproachable, and a memory bright with the halo of a gifted and honorable career.

Resolved, That the members of this Council sincerely and deeply sympathize with the family and relatives of the deceased in this, the hour of affliction, and that, in token of their respect to his memory, they will, with all the officers of the Council, attend his funeral.

Resolved, That the Fire Department be invited to unite with the Council in this last token of respect to their former beloved and respected President.

Resolved, That the City Clerk be, and is hereby instructed to send a copy of these proceedings to the family of the deceased.

Adopted.

By Alderman King,

Whereas, By the decease of the Hon. J. A. Van Dyke, the Fire Department has lost its best friend, through whose untiring and successful efforts it is mainly indebted for its present permanent basis and prosperous condition; and as it is becoming and proper that all respect should be shown to the memory of their deceased friend; therefore,

Resolved, That the Chief Engineer be requested to call out the different Fire Companies, each to be provided with their appropriate badges, on Thursday morning, to attend the funeral of the late Hon. J. A. Van Dyke.

Adopted.

The Council adjourned.

RICHARD STARKEY, *City Clerk.*

BOARD OF WATER COMMISSIONERS.

OFFICE OF WATER WORKS,
DETROIT, May 9, 1855.

At a special meeting of the Board of Water Commissioners of the city of Detroit, held Wednesday, May 9, 1855, the President, after briefly stating the object of convening the Board, presented the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted:

Whereas, This Board has learned, with emotions of profound regret, of the death of the Hon. James A. Van Dyke, which took place at midnight, on Monday last; and *whereas*, Mr. Van Dyke has been a member of this Board from the time of its organization; therefore,

Resolved, That in his death, his associates in office feel the infliction of a heavy blow, which strikes down from our midst, an active, zealous and sagatious coadjutor in the discharge of responsible duty.

Resolved, That in this event the members of this Board are affected by emotions to which no formal resolutions can give adequate expression; but which, justly to appreciate, require the acquaintance which long and intimate association alone can give, with the graces of life, the warm and generous heart, and the bold and vigorous traits which marked the character of the deceased.

Resolved, That, as this city presents durable monuments of the energy and public spirit of our deceased associate, as well as of constancy and devotedness in the performance of public duty, we record

this memorial, less as an act necessary to his memory, than as a most grateful tribute of sorrowing and affectionate regard for one around whose name cluster associations of kindness and genial social intercourse.

Resolved, That we join our fellow citizens in a just expression of sorrow at our great and mutual loss of one whose hand, heart and principles were over-strong, diligent, courageous and inflexible, and whose daily associations were such as to leave behind him those recollections only which respect and affection love to linger upon and cherish.

Resolved, That we offer to Mrs. Van Dyke our condolence under her irreparable loss, conscious though we are of the inadequacy of such a tribute to one whose loss trancends all others.

Resolved, That the office of these works be closed, and all business on the works be suspended during the day of the funeral, and that we will join with the Common Council in attending the funeral.

Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions be published in our city papers, and a copy signed by the Board furnished to Mrs. Van Dyke and the father of the deceased.

EDMUND A. BRUSH,
SHUBAEL CONANT,
HENRY LEDYARD,
WILLIAM R. NOYES,
} *Commissioners.*

ROB'T E. ROBERTS, *Secretary.*

DETROIT YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Board of the Young Men's Society, held on Wednesday, May 9th, 1855, the President, Charles I. Walker, Esq., announced the decease of the Hon. James A. Van Dyke, former President of the society; whereupon a Committee of three was

appointed, to report resolutions expressive of the sense of the Board.

The President appointed Messrs. L. L. Jones, H. P. Baldwin and Wm. Jennison as such Committee, who reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, we have learned with much sorrow the death of Hon. James A. Van Dyke, one of the most active and useful members of this society, and formerly its President; therefore be it

Resolved, That we deplore the death of our departed friend and Ex-President of the society as a great loss to the society, of which he was for many years one of its most active and useful members, as President, member of the board and society, ever ready to take an active part in its duties and to promote its prosperity.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved family, and tender them the expression of our sincere sorrow for their great loss and of our wishes for their welfare.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to Mrs. Van Dyke by the Secretary, and extended in full on the records.

Resolved, That, as a token of our sorrow and of our sincere respect for the deceased, the society be requested to attend his funeral in a body, wearing the customary badge of mourning.

S. G. CASKEY, *Secretary pro tem.*

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

FIREMEN'S HALL,
DETROIT, May 9th, 1855.

At a meeting of the Fire Department convened by the President, who in a few appropriate remarks announced the mournful fact of the death of our late esteemed President, James A. Van Dyke, Esq., and

that the Department had been convened to make arrangements for attending his funeral to-morrow morning; whereupon the following gentlemen were appointed a committee to report appropriate resolutions expressive of the sense of the Department: R. E. Roberts, John Owen, Fred. Buhl, John Webster and Oliver Bourke.

The following committees were also appointed:

On Arrangements: R. T. Elliott, Wm. Duncan and Oliver Bourke.

On Eulogy, to be delivered in the Hall to-morrow: Wm. Barclay, T. S. Gillett and J. J. Rhodes, who, after a short absence, reported that D. B. Duffield, Esq., had consented to pronounce the eulogy.

May 10th, 1855, 9 o'clock A. M.

The Committee on Resolutions reported the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, Death has suddenly stricken from our midst the Hon. James A. Van Dyke, late President of this Department during five successive terms, in the strength and beauty of his manhood's prime and full intellectual powers;

And whereas, The long and useful connection of the deceased with this Department renders an expression of the estimation in which he was held by us, eminently fitting at this time; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Van Dyke, the Fire Department of Detroit has lost one of its benefactors; that his name is so closely interwoven with its fortunes, from its origin, as a benevolent and chartered organization, through the vicissitudes of its early and precarious existence, until its successful and triumphant development as

one of the permanent institutions of the city, that it may with truth be said, that its history is almost comprised within the limits of his active participation in its affairs.

Resolved, That not only as a benevolent institution, whose highest perfection for usefulness, and whose perpetuity he loved to contemplate and promote, is this department indebted to the exertions of their late beloved President, but that as individual Firemen and members of one organization for the protection of the city, as such we also owe his memory gratitude; that he always did all in his power, whether during the discussion of exciting topics, involving the interest of the Firemen of the city, or at the grave of the humblest member of the body, to strengthen the unity and preserve the integrity of our fellowship by appeals to our best feelings as men and to our regard for duty as Firemen and citizens.

Resolved, That, as a Fireman beginning and serving his full term in one of the companies of this city, his aim seemed to be rather to discharge well the duties of a private, than to accept the proffered honors of this company, save as a Trustee in the board. But of those duties he had a high appreciation, deeming it a worthy ambition, as inculcated by him on the occasion of an address to the Department, "to dedicate oneself to the work with heart brave and steadfast, tenacious of obedience to law and order, with an elevated and stern determination to tread only the paths of rectitude."

Resolved, That as citizens of Detroit also, on whose bright and hitherto unstained escutcheon our volunteer Fire Department has been a prominent feature, we have lost in him a public spirited friend and officer, who for a fifth of a century more or less directly concerned in the administration of its affairs, vigilantly watched and promoted the city's growth, and extended freely at all times safe and judicious counsel to its agents and officers.

Resolved, That this Department will now proceed to attend the funeral of the deceased, and that they will in a body accompany his remains to their last resting place.

Resolved, That the Hall be dressed in mourning outside during the day of the funeral, and the interior for thirty days thereafter.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the city papers, and a copy thereof transmitted to the family of the deceased.

The Committee also reported the following, which were adopted:

Whereas, The address delivered by the late Hon. James Van Dyke before the Department, on the seventh day of January, 1853, contains a full history of this Department, and to a great extent the history of our city, and many very valuable suggestions for our future guidance;

Resolved, That the Trustees be and are hereby requested to have the address, together with a memorial of the life and character of our late esteemed President, printed in pamphlet form and gratuitously circulated among the members of this Department.

The Department was then formed under the direction of the Chief Engineer, and proceeded to the City Hall, where they were joined by the Mayor and Common Council, when they proceeded to the late residence of the deceased, and accompanied his remains to St. Ann's Church, after which they returned, accompanied by the members of the Bar and Common Council, to the Firemen's Hall, where, after a dirge was performed by Dodsworth's Band, they listened to an eulogy by D. B. Duffield, Esq., at the conclusion of which, on motion of Gen. Levi Cook, the thanks of the Department were tendered to Mr. Duffield, and a Committee, consisting of one from each of the several Fire Companies, was appointed to request of him a copy of the eulogy for publication.

The Department then formed and joined the funeral

procession at the church, and accompanied the remains to Mount Elliott Cemetery.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Fire Department, held May 28th, 1855, it was, on motion of John Webster, Esq.,

Resolved, That a Committee of five be appointed, consisting of Wm. Duncan, R. E. Roberts, E. N. Wilcox, R. T. Elliott and B. Vernor, whose duty it shall be to superintend the publication of the memoir to James A. Van Dyke, Esq., and that one thousand copies be procured.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER OF THE PRESIDENT OF FIRE DEPARTMENT

TO R. HOSMER, ESQ., AND REPLY.

DETROIT, August 1st, 1855.

RUFUS HOSMER, ESQ.

The Fire Department of the City of Detroit, having resolved to procure and publish a memoir of the late Hon. James A. Van Dyke, the duty of carrying their resolution into effect is devolved upon the undersigned. In looking around me among the surviving friends of the deceased, permit me to say that my eyes involuntarily turn to you, sir, as the one of all others of Mr. Van Dyke's friends to whom a request to write a sketch of his life can most appropriately be addressed. Honored by that intercourse with him which never failed to attach intimately and warmly all those who enjoyed it—congenial in many of those tastes which characterized him—your opportunities for acquiring that knowledge of the man which can render justice to his character; and possessing eminently the ability

to do so, I doubt not that the trust will be a labor of love, and that you will therefore cheerfully accede to the request.

Very respectfully,

JOHN PATTON,
President of Fire Department.

DETROIT, January 1st, 1856.

Dear Sir:—Pursuant to your request, I have prepared a brief memorial of the late Hon. James A. Van Dyke. My relations with the deceased, while they were such as to furnish every incentive to aid in honoring his memory, have made the duty to which I have had the honor to be assigned, one of melancholy pleasure. I can only regret that the nature of my avocations is such as to preclude me from such a tribute to his memory, as his genius, his usefulness and his high character demand.

With great respect I am yours,

R. HOSMER.

JNO. PATTON, ESQ.

LETTER OF THE PRESIDENT OF FIRE DEPARTMENT

TO D. B. DUFFIELD, ESQ., AND REPLY.

DETROIT, June 8th, 1855.

D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD, ESQ.

Dear Sir:—The biography of our late worthy President, the Hon. James A. Van Dyke, is now being

prepared for the press, for the use of the Fire Department, and in connection with it they are desirous of having published also the eulogy recently delivered by you before them.

Will it be convenient and agreeable to you to furnish us with a copy?

Yours respectfully,

JOHN PATTON, *President.*

S. C. COLE, *Secretary.*

DETROIT, June 9th, 1855.

JOHN PATTON, Esq.,

President of Fire Department.

Dear Sir:—In reply to your note soliciting for publication a copy of the eulogy recently pronounced by me, before the Fire Department, upon our much lamented friend and brother, James A. Van Dyke, Esq., I have only to say that it was prepared at a very few hours' notice, and with no view to publication; yet as the Department desire it, and if it will in any way tend to keep fresh among us the many virtues that adorned both the public and private life of Mr. Van Dyke, I cheerfully comply with your request on their behalf.

Respectfully yours, &c.,

D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

LETTER FROM CITIZENS PRESENTING ENGRAVING.

To JOHN PATTON, ESQ.,

President of the Fire Department of the City of Detroit.

Sir:—As the incumbent of that office, which the late Hon. James A. Van Dyke filled so long, with such usefulness to the Fire Department of the City of Detroit, and with such distinction to himself, the undersigned deem it most fitting to address you their present request. We therefore, respectfully ask you to accept in the name of the institution he so loved, while living, and which, now that he is no more, so affectionately cherishes his memory, the enclosed steel engraving of Mr. Van Dyke, from a daguerreotype taken four years before his death.

It is fitting that the form and features of the man who

> "In a general honest thought
> And common good to all, made one of them,"

should accompany the testimonial which the Firemen of Detroit are preparing to their departed friend. His words of counsel, his deeds of daring, his acts of benevolence, his friendship, his sympathy, his eloquence, have embalmed him in their hearts; but when in the silent lapse of years, all but the fragrant memory of these shall have passed from their minds, when the looks that breathed shall have faded into dimness, we

would have this faithful picture recall him to their vision, re-invested with life and glowing with good thoughts.

We have the honor, sir, to subscribe ourselves,

DAVID SMART,	C. W. JACKSON,	R. P. TOMS,
A. D. FRASER,	JEFFERSON WILEY,	WM. R. NOYES,
E. A. BRUSH,	T. W. LOCKWOOD,	M. H. WEBSTER,
H. N. WALKER,	R. N. RICE,	T. H. HINCHMAN,
HENRY LEDYARD,	W. INGERSOLL,	J. HOUGHTON, JR.
H. H. EMMONS,	G. V. N. LOTHROP,	L. H. COBB,
E. N. WILCOX,	D. B. DUFFIELD,	TOM S. GILLETT,
JOHN OWEN,	G. T. SHELDON,	KIN S. DYGERT,
Z. PITCHER,	R. H. HALL,	A. RICHMOND,
GEORGE JEROME,	R. HOSMER,	F. BACKUS,
M. A. CHASE,	CHAS. RICHMOND,	EDW. LE FAVOUR,
J. C. PARSONS,	J. H. HARMON,	A. H. STOWELL,
ROB'T E. ROBERTS,	J. M. HOWARD,	C. I. WALKER,
S. D. ELWOOD,	Z. CHANDLER,	C. J. TROMBLY,
E. V. CICOTT,	THEO. WILLIAMS,	R. W. KING,
S. P. BRADY,	B. F. HYDE,	MARK FLANAGAN,
H. P. BALDWIN,	J. P. MANSFIELD,	P. ASPINALL,
E. A. LANSING,	J. V. CAMPBELL,	E. C. WALKER,
WM. GRAY,	J. H. FARNSWORTH,	O. NEWBERRY,
J. P. C. EMMONS,	O. B. DIBBLE,	H. H. LEROY,
A. J. FRASER,	J. W. SUTTON,	F. BUHL,
P. TELLER,	H. W. NEWBERRY,	A. MANDELL,
F. E. ELDRED,	JOHN ATKINSON,	R. R. ELLIOTT,
S. G. WIGHT,	F. W. BACKUS,	J. L. LYELL,
P. DESNOYERS,	H. A. WIGHT,	E. FARNSWORTH,
D. J. CAMPAU,	S. CONANT,	JOHN WINDER,
P. TREGENT,	GEO. E. HAND,	A. W. BUEL.
WM. HALE,		

January 5, 1856.

ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BY

HON. JAMES A. VAN DYKE,

BEFORE THE FIRE DEPARTMENT,

In the Firemen's Hall, City of Detroit, Jan. 7th, 1853.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Fire Department:

I appear before you this evening, not with ample preparation; not to flash with wit, or to kindle with eloquence; not to weave garlands of flowers; and with no intellectual festive Board, covered with genial fruit, to tempt your appetites, or to gratify your tastes. I come from the noise and bustle, the strife and exactions of daily life, with but little time for thought, and none for careful arrangement, or mature revision. I come with the dust from life's weary pathway still on my garments; from these paths of toil and passion where the footsteps too soon crush the sympathies of soul and sense. And yet I come with pleasure, because I come at your bidding, to perform a duty.

It is fitting that one of the objects of your association—the intellectual improvement of its members—

should no longer be thwarted or delayed; and that this species of exercise, fraught as we hope with pleasure and profit in the future, should commence.

Feeling, therefore, that it is better to begin even with an humble effort than not to begin at all, I cheerfully take the initiative, with the full conviction that subsequent efforts will at least repay your time and attention.

I have chosen for my theme this evening,

"*The Fire Department of the City of Detroit—its Past, Present and Future.*

I have not chosen it as a subject well adapted to intellectual display, or calculated, perhaps, deeply to interest an audience. It will not admit of dramatic incident, or scientific research; the age of romance does not invest it with haughty warrior or gloomy hermit; the attic muse does not sing its ransom; nor do mouldering epitaphs point out its graves. Still it had its origin and its progress, it has its past and its present; and though its annals may be found short and simple, yet they will not be found devoid of usefulness and honor.

I have chosen this theme, because it has been suggested to me by others, and occurs to myself, that at the opening of this fine hall for the first time, for a series of lectures, it would be appropriate to trace,

even if with a hurried pen, that past of our department, which led to its prosperous present, and points with so much hope to the future.

I have chosen it because, let it be to others as it may, it is a subject, by association, fondness and pride, of deep and abiding interest to me; because with a portion of its past I can claim a part; because I have helped to rock its cradle; have witnessed the strength and ardor of its manhood; and here with you to-night, standing in this pride of its place, on this column of its strength, I am permitted to mingle my congratulations, recollections and hopes with yours. And until memory and life are quenched in the lethean spring, the honors I have received from this Department, and the friendships which bind me to it, will linger and live and glow in my bosom. * * * *

It is an interesting period of the year to be speaking of the past, present and future of any thing. We have just passed the *bridge of time;* the light of an old year has just glimmered out; its winter's wind has wailed its departure, and its snow whitened its new made grave. It is passed; and time appears to renew its youth, with the birth of a new year. Gladness and music seem almost to burst from the tomb of the past. We awake again; collect anew our strength; and with fresh oars, pursue our way over the voyage of life.

And yet how pathless, mournful and profound is the past of time! It comes down to us hoary with so many years! It has seen the dawn of creation, and the first gleam of light, which at the voice of its God, lit up the obscure earth; it lingers mid the bliss of paradise, and sighs over its ruins; it was present when angels announced the incarnation of a God to his virgin mother, when legions of angels shouted at His birth, and when earth and sky paled and grew affright at His death! The Past! It contains the history of human joys and sorrows, in languages now long obsolete; it attended the birth of nations and their destruction; it has walked through the revolutions of earth and the ruins of empires! What terrors, sorrows, wonders, joy and tears are buried in the bosom of the past. Its voice comes down to us like the wail of spirits through its solemn centuries.

Yet when we look back how impossible to trace with distinctness the mysterious past, mighty as the foot-prints are which it has left on this earth of ours!

> We hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell;
> Their coming the thunder sound heralds along.
> Strain'd eyes yet are tracking the spot where they fell.
> He comes, the wild Past, in tumult and throng,
> Roaring up to the cliff, waving back as before;
> But no wave e'er brings back the lost Past to the shore.

But I turn from the mightier past of time to the more immediate subject of my lecture.

Notwithstanding the claims to high antiquity of our worthy puritan brethren, who will doubtless, by the time of their next anniversary, "guess" that the rock of Plymouth is the very father of rocks, yet be it known that this, our beautiful City of Detroit, looks back to a local habitation, and a name to a time coeval with the landing of the pilgrims, for at as early a period the aborigines of the country, with that sagacity which characterized their selection of choice places, had chosen it as a site for their village, and given it the name of Waa-we-a-to-nong.

A few wandering Jesuits, with unwearied zeal, had found their way hither as early as 1610; but it was legitimately founded by La Motte Cadillac in 1701, who at that time erected here a fort. A change has come over it since then! What must have been the sensations of the earliest white men who, emerging from the wide waters of Lake Erie, found themselves ascending the river Detroit, which deep, swift and blue, rolled through the primeval forest that fringed its banks even to the very edge. Above the venturous voyager, there was the bright sky, around him the hush of nature, save when disturbed by the stirring branch or some voice from the wilderness, making the solitude more palpable; the signs and hum of civilization were all absent, but there came from the shore the breath of flowers, and from the breeze murmuring through the

woods, the harmony of nature. How the full heart of the stranger, resting on suspended oar, must have beat with wild rapture at the solemn beauty of the scene; or if, perchance, it was in the dusky eve when he first approached it, and saw the ruddy light reflecting from the shore, and heard the savage yell or the wild beasts' fiercer voice; yet rested, till with the deepening watches of the night, silence resumed her sway, and the stars looked down on the impressive picture, there must have come over the gazer feelings akin to those which moved Chateaubriand to tears, as he knelt at midnight near the shores of Niagara, to worship God, within the sound of the unending requiem of the cataract.

It could not but be interesting to a Detroit audience for one competent to the task and animated by love for it, to sketch the origin and progress of this now large and beautiful city. It would constitute, when completed, a picture of rich and varied hues. No subject could be more fraught with incident, character, freshness and all that could animate the local historian, or delight his local reader. Its early foundation was in the bosom of the deep forest; the rich fruits and fresh beauties of nature were lavish around it; it was severed by distance and difficulty, almost entirely from the civilized portions of the country; the light hearted Canadian, free from ambition, void of care, reckless of toil; and the Indian, in all his perfect development,

were its occupants. How interesting it would be to tell of the perils, privations and wars which surrounded its earlier days; to recount the dark legends of its fights, and the lighter story of its loves; to whisper names still familiar to us in the persons of their descendants, and who in their time were famed for all the stern virtues and lofty daring, which in the days of chivalry would have gained them rich applause and lofty song. The bard and the historian may pass them by now in silence, but those who are enjoying not only their names, but the fruits of their toil and blood, should keep their memories alive.

How interesting it would be to contrast the miserable degraded Indian of the present day with the proud and noble savage who once roamed over these scenes—free as the wind that fanned his native woods, to describe the daring, the sagacity, the eloquence, the patriotism and prowess of Pontiac.

"Is strength a monarch's merit, like a whaler's?
Thou wert as tall, as sinewy and as strong,
As earth's first Kings—the Argo's gallant sailors,
Heroes in history—and gods in song.

Is Eloquence? Her spell was thine that reaches
The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport,
And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches,
The secret of their mastery—they were short.
At thy bidding men have crowded
The road to death as to a festival.

With look, like patient Job's, eschewing evil,
  With motions graceful as a bird's in air,
Thou wert in sober truth the veriest devil
  That e'er clinched fingers in a captive's hair.

And underneath that face, like summer oceans,
  Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
  Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow; all save fear.

Love for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,
  Her pipe in peace, her tomahawk in wars:
Hatred of missionaries and cold water,
  Pride in thy rifle trophies and thy scars.

Hope that thy wrong might be by the Great Spirit
  Remembered and revenged when thou wert lone,
Sorrow that none were left thee to inherit
  Thy name, thy fame, thy passions and thy throne."

It would, indeed, be a pleasing task to read the story of Detroit through all the shifting scenes, of her varying drama, down through her changes of government, laws and races, from the Indian war drum, dance and wigwam till now, when there bursts on the vision a proud city, teeming with population, thronged with commerce and labor, adorned with all the arts of peace and the sweets of benevolence, gemmed with church and school house, encircled by religion and law, with heaven's richest blessings overhanging her present, and with her horizon flushed with hope and promise.

What a change has brief time worked!

"I see thee yet, fair scene—a lovely land,
Wild in thy nature, thou art still before me;
Thy sons to whom their perils were a sport,
Thy sun-burnt daughters, with their laughing eyes
And glossy raven locks. But, land of my dream,
Thou 'rt vanished with the changing years."

Yes—all is vanished; the forest is felled, the Indian's council fire has gone out, the wigwam has disappeared, and even the old wind-mill and pear tree linger with a decay and ruin which sadden the retrospect.

But I must leave the tempting field, indulging in the hope, that some one will, ere long, with willing wand conjure up for us the rich past of the City of the Straits.

Detroit was at an early period of its existence threatened with destruction from fire. In 1704, the Indians, instigated thereto, as it was said, by the English, made the attempt to fire it, and partially succeeded. At a later period the Fox Indians renewed the attempt, but were repulsed.

In 1763, the intrepid warrior whom we have already alluded to, turned all his fierce energies to accomplish its ruin, but failed after besieging it for nearly a year.

In 1805, the fearful element you are organized to combat, broke out with its fury, revelled at its pleasure, and stopped not till the ashes of a burnt town were all

that marked its site, save one house only, standing up like a bleak monument amid the ruin. There are still among us those who witnessed the fearful sight, and from whom you have doubtless heard a full recital. At this time the site of Detroit was comprised within the following limits: Griswold street on the East, Wayne street on the West, Larned street on the North and the River on the South. The Fort was in the rear of the old town, where Shelby crosses Fort street; was enclosed with the town by pickets, and on the inside of the pickets was a road running round the old town, called "Chemin de Ronde." The Navy Yard was at the foot of Woodward avenue; the only wharf was the public wharf near the foot of Wayne street.

The means and ability existing at this time to protect the town from fire and to combat so fearful a foe, were but little adequate to the purpose. No gallant brigade of devoted men, trained to the service, animated by devotion to the public good, then slept on their arms to guard the town; no well appointed engine then leaped forth at the bell's first tocsin, or the fire's first gush, manned for the fight and eager for the combat. The bucket was the great safeguard, and the fiery scourge laughed at its feeble efficiency. A small and illy contrived engine, impotent for good, was however, even at this day kept in the garrison.

The municipal authority, warned by the fierce lesson they had first learned, made preparations for a kind of organization in event of new fires, as can be seen by reference to the by-laws and ordinances passed on the occasion, providing therein for Bucket, Bag, Axe and Battering-ram Companies; that each house should have a ladder and keep on hand a given quantity of water. And when a fire occurred, the inhabitants seized their buckets and yokes, rushed to the river, and with a full bucket at each end of the yoke, which was placed on the shoulder, hastened to the scene of danger, bending down like Issachar of old between two burdens. And these simple means continued their only reliance for the extinguishment of fires until the close of the war of 1812, when the first Fire Company was by authority organized in the city, the engine being one taken from the flag-ship of Commodore Perry.

And from this small beginning, has there sprung and grown the Fire Department of the City of Detroit, with its numerous engines and companies, with its efficient and valuable Board of Fire Wardens, with its five hundred active members, with its zeal and worth, with its daring and its devotedness, keeping watch and ward through the hours of the day and the vigils of the night, in spite of the burning heat or the winter's storm—rich in this beautiful and munificent gift of their fellow citizens, but richer still in the esteem and

respect which good conduct and valiant deeds have fairly won for them.

Gallant Perry! Honor to the brave! It is but fitting for us, who stand almost in sight of the field of his glory, to pay a passing tribute to him who, on the clear waters of Lake Erie, mid the flash of the cannon, and on the blood-soaked deck of his ship, held aloft the flag of his country, radiant with fresh triumph and glory!

The engine from Perry's flag-ship, continued the only one used until the year 1825, when the then Mayor of the City of Detroit procured an engine from Mr. James Smith, father of the present James Smith, who has recently furnished new and admirable engines for the use of the Department. The then Mayor of the City of Detroit, to whom I allude, was a gentleman still living, honored amongst us; then, and ever mindful of the interests of a city he deeply loves; and I know the pleasure it will ever give the members of this Department to hear announced among them the name of their consistent and generous friend and patron, General John R. Williams.

This engine, so procured in 1825, was called engine No. 1, and given to Protection Company, and subsequently passed successively into the hands of Wolverine No. 3, La Fayette, No. 4, Phœnix, No. 5, Mechanics', No. 8, and Pioneer, No. 9.

Honor to "the old machine." It has been long de-

voted to the cold water cause, and though often present at scenes, to my certain knowledge, which Father Mathew could scarcely have approved, was never yet known to break its pledge, or fail in its duty.

The following named gentlemen have respectively filled the office of Chief Engineer of the Fire Department: Levi Cook, Henry V. Disbrow, Theodore Williams, Chauncy Hurlbut, Mathew Gooding, Henry H. LeRoy, James Stewart, William Barclay, William Duncan, L. H. Cobb, and its present worthy incumbent, John Patton—names known and honored in our midst, and all of whom still survive, save one only, and he one of the noblest of our whole brotherhood!

Let memory loose to do her office, and how soon can we recall to our midst the manly form, the kind face, and the loved presence of Mathew Gooding. He died an untimely death. I had the melancholy satisfaction of spending by his bed-side, his last night on earth. He sleeps in the beautiful grounds of Elmwood; the summer's sun ripens to sweet harvest the flowers, which in the spring-time bloom over his grave, and the winter's snow whitens it in due season; but he is not forgotten! His brother Firemen cherish his name and his memory, and well they may, "for a more loyal, true, or a nobler spirit, beat not in human bosom."

In some countries, the Fire Department is main-

tained at the expense of the Insurance Companies who, of course, re-imburse themselves by enhanced charges for insurance—in fact, doubling or trebling the rates. In others, companies are organized for the extinguishment of fires, and when a fire occurs, the owner of the endangered property, applying for relief, is compelled to pay liberally for the aid. And again, in other instances, the Government itself keeps up the organization, and pays the expense as it does for its military troops, making additional taxes, of course, therefor on its people.

The voluntary system is American in its origin. A company on this basis having been formed by Benj. Franklin, in 1777, in the City of Philadelphia. This system is based on patriotism and friendship, and is peculiarly suited to the enterprise, energy and character of the country. It calls into the voluntary ranks of the firemen an intelligence, a devotedness, a lofty spirit of daring, and a total absence of selfishness, which money could not buy or hire obtain.

The very absence of pay, or hope of reward, gives a sentiment to the organization, chivalric in its feeling, and generous in its impulse; it quickens the pulse of its members; warms the tie of their association in repose, and in action touches their hearts with a fire, burning as that they strive to combat. Long live this free, voluntary system! Long may it be before the

members of this Department, dead to the generous emotions which have heretofore animated them, fight only for pay, and serve only for hire!

It is true, it is a self-sacrificing, dangerous, and toilsome service! To stand ready at the first moments warning; whether at business or pleasure; at church, or home; at midday, or midnight; to haste where the dark smoke or the lurid flame may point as the place of danger! And then to work and fight on, still on, while a single flame threatens destruction. And what a fearful scene a fire is! The black, surging smoke as yet confined within its volcano; then the lambent flame, hissing out like the tongue of a fiery serpent; then the fearful roar and burst, lightening the earth and crimsoning the sky; the din; the shriek; the falling beam; the ceaseless shout and clangor; the wail of suffering, and the cry of distress! It is indeed, as Napoleon said when surveying the burning of Moscow, "an awful and sublime spectacle!"

It is your office and duty to fight such a foe; to throw the ægis of your strong arms and stout hearts around the lives and property of your fellow citizens; to cope not with the sword and the bayonet, but to contend with a heroism as brilliant, with a bearing as firm and lofty, as animates the soldier on the field of battle; and though you may not receive therefor the laurel wreath or the eternal Dollar, you have the con-

ciousness of doing good, the pleasure of an unselfish act, and the priceless gratitude, and the warm thanks of the city you guard and protect.

Our city has been frequently threatened by the deep danger of fire; and in comparatively recent times, on three occasions, it raged with a success which blanched the bravest, and which, but for exertions trusting and devoted, might have reduced the city of our pride to smouldering ashes.

The first of these broke out on a tempestuous night in 1837, in the centre of a block of wooden buildings near the foot of Woodward avenue, and destroyed houses and personal property to a large amount.

The second occurred in January, A. D. 1842, in an old wooden tavern, then standing near where the Post Office now is. It wound its way round the corner, and consumed the entire block, to which it was happily confined by dauntless effort. The third was the fearful fire of May, 1848, commenced by the sparks of a propeller, communicated to the large warehouse between Bates and Randolph streets, and at the very point where the great fire of 1837 was arrested. The scene which ensued, the extent of the calamity, the danger which at one time seemed to hang over the whole town, and the sense of relief which came to every heart, when the scourge ceased its course, must still be fresh to every recollection.

I have thus far spoken of the active and effective branch of the Department. I have been compelled to do so, of course, generally only. I must leave it for the other branch, organized under a special charter. In doing so, I refer with pride to the fact that, hitherto the Firemen of Detroit have done their duty promptly, zealously, and courageously. Animated by humanity, and impelled by the elevated spirit of their profession, they have manned the brakes and mounted the ladder, at every exigency, with a will that could brook no disappointment, and a skill which was sure to triumph. Nor have they, in becoming Firemen, as yet forgotten that they were citizens. Amid all the rivalry which nerved each to excel; with all the spirit which animated their efforts, no foul wit, breach of law or contempt of authority have yet tarnished their well-earned fame. Long may they continue—bound together by feelings of brotherly kindness! Long may they remain efficient for good, characterized by observance of law, by unselfish devotion to the great object of their calling—bearing aloft their banner, glittering with bright deeds, and unsullied by a single stain.

At a meeting of the Firemen, held January 11, 1840, a committee, appointed at a previous meeting, reported a constitution and by-laws, which were unanimously adopted; and the first annual meeting thereunder, was held on the 20th of the same month. The

following were the first officers: Robert E. Roberts, President; F. Buhl, Vice President; E. R. Kearsley, Secretary; D. Lamson, Treasurer; and E. Goodell, Collector. And after Mr. Roberts, Chauncy Hurlbut, John Owen, David Smart, J. A. Van Dyke, and your present efficient and popular incumbent, E. N. Wilcox, have respectively presided over the Department.

Our act of incorporation was passed and approved February 14, 1840, "to enable us, (in the language of the preamble,) the more effectually to accomplish the objects of our Association, and to provide means for the relief of disabled Firemen and their families."

In April, 1840, our old and well tried friend Chauncy Hurlbut, and the late Col. D. G. Jones, presented the Department a donation of $100 each, and became the first Honorary members; and their generous gifts were the beginning of our subsequent munificent fund. The second moneys coming into the Treasury, were the avails of a steam boat excursion, on the Great Western, which in the preceding summer had been burned to the river's edge.

There came in thereafter, from time to time, from donations, balls and exhibitions, amounts which, handsome in themselves, were placed out at interest, and fostered with watchful care, in the anxious hope that these accumulations would, at some hoped for future day, be the basis of an annual income which would

enable the Association to effect the great purposes of its incorporation: the binding together its members with stronger affiliation, and the solace, relief and comfort of the disabled, the widow and the orphan.

In 1849, notwithstanding the expenditure of considerable sums for relief, the fund was found to have reached some $6000. A permanent investment became desirable. The members had increased in numbers, in equipments and in usefulness. They had no place suitable even for their ordinary meetings; and all things considered, it was determined to purchase a lot for the erection thereon of a fit Firemen's Hall, for the purpose alike of convenience and permanent income. It was entrusted to the then President of the Department, to make the purchase; and the result was the securing the present valuable and central lot, on which the Hall now stands.

Notwithstanding the exhaustion of the fund, by the purchase of the lot, it was determined to attempt the erection of the building, even at the large sum which it was found it must cost. It was a bold, and perhaps elsewhere would have been found a hazardous undertaking. It was attempted, and by the means of a loan of $8000, and the voluntary and munificent aid of the citizens, its foundations were laid deep and strong, its lofty walls arose, and this admirable structure was completed.

Its corner stone was laid on the 4th of July, A. D. 1850, with appropriate ceremony and with fear and hope. A portion of it was ready for occupancy by the succeeding May, and in October, 1851, it was open to the public.

But how shall I tell, in fit terms, the praises of those who, with open hearts and free hands, came to our relief. How shall I, with language sufficiently warm, glowing and heart-felt, recall to your recollections the names of those who, in our gloomiest hours, cheered us on with kind hope and material aid, to the successful consummation of our wishes. How shall I speak of that dark and gloomy night, at the City Hall, when exhausted in resourses, and discouraged in our task, the talent and the worth, and the fortune of our city, rallied at our call, and attested their appreciation of your services, and their sympathy with your wants, to the tune of thousands of dollars. It would be invidious to particularize. I can but point you to the scroll of our Department, on which is written the noble list of our patrons. I can but call upon the hearts of the Firemen, on which I hope is registered in silent, but deep and unending gratitude, the recollection of their kind deeds; and at a period when help was again required. Never can you forget the fair faces and sweet forms, who came to breathe their rosy smiles, and to lend their kind aid for us. Forget, if you must, all

else; but treasure in your heart of hearts, the image of sweet woman, who hovered over us in our time of need; and in the hour of your duty, and of danger, let it illuminate your memories, and inspire your spirits with a fresh zeal and a new magic to renewed exertion.

I would fain commemorate before you the invaluable services of those who were alike active and useful in the origination and progress of this great enterprise; of your Building Committee and Builder; of your once President and now Secretary, devoted almost his life long to the honor and welfare of the Department; of your past officers known to and appreciated by you; but time would not permit, even if delicacy did not forbid.

Of the departed, however, it is always permitted to speak, and I must refer to one who, though still in life, reposes now in the domestic bliss of home, but who was ever the friend, tried and true, of this Department; who especially increased and fostered our fund, and who did efficient service alike in the ranks and in command. The name of David Smart should ever be a grateful one in our midst, for he was once the husband of our widows and the father of our orphans.

And now, brother Firemen, the present is with us. This Hall, with its lofty walls and fair proportions, is yours. It stands a monument of the gratitude and liberality of your fellow citizens, and a pledge accepted

by you of fidelity and good conduct. From this lofty eminence you can look back through the trials and the anxieties through which you have passed, and feel deeply impressed with the duties and the obligations which come down to you. The past is at least secure, and the future is even now unfolding her portals to you.

This beautiful Hall, an honor to this city and the pride of this Department, has already done good service. Here have been held your annual meetings; here have you taken good counsel together; here have the light dance and the lighter heart kept gay time; here "have the lamps shone over fair women and brave men;" here has the canvass exhibited the glowing colors of the artist's pencil, and here has music gushed and quivered on a thousand hearts, which beat happily at its magic swells. And here, too, have our beloved dead been brought to receive our last tribute of respect, ere carried to the silent grave.

The good which the friends of this Department so fondly hope will flow from this enterprise, must not be expected to develope itself at once. Much—very much has been accomplished; much yet remains to do. The debt which at present absorbs the receipts, will in due time be discharged, and then will begin to be seen and felt the benefits, which will soon vindicate the wisdom of the project. But until then, let not those impatient

at the delay despond of the final consummation of their hopes. The enterprise was not small or easily to be perfected. The success which has crowned it, has been wonderful, and the day is not distant, when the fondest wishes of its friends will be gratified, if the members of this Department prove true to themselves and it, and strive with zeal and judgment to promote the common welfare.

Friends and brethren, the future with its smiles and tears, its sunshine and its storms, with all its dread and untried realities is before us. It is not for mortal hand to lift the vail, nor for mortal eye to gaze into the secrets of unborn time. It is not for us to foretell its events, or to control its destiny; but, under the providence of a good God, we may to a very considerable extent hew and fashion it as we will. If the Firemen of this city should grow unmindful of law and order, lose the unselfish spirit of their voluntary organization, become careless of the regard of their fellow citizens, grow cold and unkind to each other, and regardless of the objects, the prosperity and happiness of this Department, it is easily to be seen that its future will come down upon us so dark and dreary, that not a single star or angel's smile will light up our pathway.

But this should not, must not be the future of this Department. It is freighted with too many hopes, it

is fraught with too many blessings, it is guarded by too many gallant spirits to meet with such a wreck and ruin.

All men cannot achieve equal greatness. It is not for every one to be first in the forum or the field. It is not for every one to write his name on the scroll of immortal fame. It may not be for us to make the canvass glow with a master's hand; to sweep the lyre till its lofty notes seem to echo back the joy of heaven; to chisel the cold marble into almost breathing life; to count the planets which flash their light down upon us from the upper worlds; or to hold communion with the arcana of nature. We may never grow rich, either in fortune or in fame; but I will tell you what each and every one can do. You can keep faith with your duty; you can do your best in whatever position you are placed; you can cherish and foster a spirit of friendship with each other, until the link which binds you, shall glisten and burn brighter and more lustrous with the growing years; you can watch over this Department with a careful eye and fond heart; you can promote its great objects and spread its great benefits, until the lone face of the widow grows radiant with gladness, and the orphan's heritage of tears is solaced with joy; you can cultivate the habits of morality and a fondness for intellectual pursuits, until you make this Hall the cradle and the home of benevolence and knowledge, achieving and illustrating the great objects

of its creation. The treasures of knowledge are open to your grasp. The field is broad and ample. It is occupied in part with honor and usefulness by the Young Men's Society of this city, to which we purpose no rivalry, and who will, I know, gladly welcome us onward in our humble attempts. If you once make a fair beginning in intellectual pursuits, there is but little danger of growing wearied thereafter. As philosophy and science and history unfold their pages of information and interest to you, you will grow fonder and fonder of the pursuit, until reading becomes a necessity, and you will only sigh to think of wasted hours forever lost. Your books will become to you health in sickness, society in solitude, wealth in poverty.

Speaking of the immortality of the intellectual principle, the eloquent historian and critic Macaulay says: "The Dervis in the Arabian tale did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious jewel which enabled him at one glance to behold the hidden riches of the universe. Surely, it is no exaggeration to say, that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye, which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world, all the hoarded treasures of the primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines. This is the gift of Athens to

man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves, her language into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable. And when those that have rivalled her greatness, shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed her abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when perhaps travellers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple, and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts, her influence and her glory will still survive, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control."

It is true that the members of this Department are chiefly engaged in the active and industrial pursuits of life; that they cannot command the ample leisure and opportunities which are lavished around the favorite children of fortune; that the exhausting labor of the day makes weary nature ready for repose; and that the toils and wants of daily life would not seem

well fitted for the cultivation of the human mind. And yet, how much time is idly thrown away even by you? How many hours which might be improved, which might be made to return a rich harvest of honor, usefulness and consolation, are permitted to run to waste, or used for gratifications which will never yield aught but sorrow? Who is there amongst us who could not by the morn's early light or the lamp's lonely glimmer find time for study? Let each one answer, and answer for himself. And I repeat, form but the habit of mental cultivation, let the priceless treasures of knowledge begin to be acquired, and the mind will expand, grow elevated and purified, and the works of taste, of eloquence, of knowledge and of fancy, which now enrich the world, which now to us are as sealed books, will throw their bloom and sweetness over our lives—we will gladly drink from the pure fountain and linger near the shrine, where the relics of learning and genius repose.

It would be a grateful task, did time only permit, to point out the names of those who amid every discouragement have achieved greatness for themselves; who, born to no fortune, endowed with no patronage, the children of poverty and heirs of toil, have struggled through obscurity, undergone the stern ordeal of adverse fortune, and winged their way upward and onward, while a world gazed on their flight. It would

be a cheering encouragement to the doubting and desponding, did they know how many of those, whose thoughts and words and songs have illumined the earth, sprung from no lofty origin, but were encompassed by misfortunes and gloom, by difficulties and privations, far beyond those which are incident to any of us. But they worked; they devoted themselves to the great task before them; they spurned every temptation; their souls were lighted up with celestial fire; the cry of *excelsior* was on their lips, and spite of poverty and difficulty, the reward of their devotion came at last, and their names became watchwords to the earth.

Ere long the income of this Department will enable us not only to execute the benevolent principles of its design, but will also enable us to establish a reading room, and found a library. When this is done, we hope to see it thronged by its members. We hope to see the Hall the centre of their attraction, and it the home of knowledge, benevolence and friendship.

Gentlemen, if you go forth re-dedicated to the performance of your high duties; if you will be brave and steadfast in the field; if you will keep your hearts true, warm and benevolent; if you will avoid every violation of law and order; if you will assiduously cultivate your intellectual and moral natures; if you will go forth animated by an elevated and stern determination

to keep your feet in the path of rectitude, and your hopes and visions fixed on the better world, it requires no Sybil's voice to tell the future of this Department. It will stand glistening like a star above the waters; it will increase in honor and usefulness, reflecting back the brightening virtues of its members.

And you, so living, shall gain the applause and respect of your fellow citizens; you will be surrounded by the blessings and the prayers of the widow and the orphan; when death comes, you will still live in the recollection of your comrades, and around your graves hope, fadeless and eternal, shall encircle as with a halo from heaven.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE ARGUMENT OF

HON. JAMES A. VAN DYKE,

One of the Counsel for the People in the great Railroad Conspiracy Case, tried in the City of Detroit before His Hon. WARNER WING, *Presiding Judge of the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne, at the May Term*, 1851.

[The argument occupies one hundred and thirty-two closely printed pages, and to be fully appreciated, should be read entire; but the following extracts are selected as showing his general style of eloquence and the fairness which characterized all his efforts of this kind.]

TUESDAY, September 15, 1851, 8 A. M.

JAMES A. VAN DYKE, Esq., Counsel for the Prosecution, addressed the Jury as follows:

May it please the Court and Gentlemen of the Jury: I cannot refrain from congratulating you that the long and wearisome investigation in which you are engaged, is so near to its close. Many months since, before the leaves were green or the flowers had bloomed, ere the spring-time had departed, and while our hopes and feelings moved in sympathy with the gladdening freshness which the season shed around us, you were summoned from your homes, comforts, business and

L. of C.

pleasures, to assume a serious responsibility, in aid of the administration of justice. Since then, while we have associated together, and day by day discharged, I trust with patience and fidelity, our toilsome, but solemn duties, time has run its ceaseless course; the summer came with all its joy and brightness; it, too, has faded away, and already the crimson leaves of the forest warn us that autumn is passing its withering fingers over the face of nature.

I indulge in this thought, because it induces the mind to reflect upon our own condition, and the vanity of acting otherwise than under a deep sense of duty. Most of us have reached the middle age; *our* spring time has departed, *our* summer has almost left us, *our* autumn is nigh, and ere long the descending snows of winter will fall upon our heads. All things teach the dread truth that "life is fleeting," and that we should move through its mazy paths of cares and pleasures, with hope and vision fixed on the eternity which lies beyond.

In this case, gentlemen, we have each a solemn duty to perform; let us discharge it with a high sense of the responsibility which rests upon us.

In the views which I am about to submit to you, I will earnestly endeavor to treat this cause with the seriousness its importance demands, and with the candor and fairness due to you and to the Court.

While I feel pleased in beholding the laurels which this trial has entwined around other brows, I will seek to gather none for my own. I will neither wander into the paths of fancy, nor address myself to those who sit *without* the jury box. I will remember, however dull it may render me, that my duty confines me to *this* cause; I will speak *only* of it and address myself *only to you.* I will pass over the case, gentlemen, as nearly as possible in the same order which has been pursued by the distinguished counsel who last addressed you for the defence. I shall not seek or hope to leave the impress of oratorical power upon your imagination, but trust, ere I conclude, to convince your reason, that *every* point urged by the defence is fallacious and without foundation in the facts and evidence before you.

* * * * * * * *

Gentlemen of the Jury, while in some respects I rejoice, in others I regret that we are here to-day. I rejoice that, although during the long period we have spent together, death has swept away some connected with this trial—that although disease has at times visited you or your families, yet that God in his providence has, amid your prolonged and arduous cares, preserved you in health and vigor to discharge the high duty you owe to them and your country. I am glad that we can here apply our minds to the calm investigation of truth; that while the Sun of Heaven

lights up our beloved city, and sheds its radiance upon the fields and forests and beautiful river within our vision, we can sit free from the excitements of life, and with an eye single to the ends of law and justice, and devote our best energies to the necessary, though laborious task of a fair and candid examination of the mass of evidence which has accumulated in this cause. I regret, on your account, that the responsibility of a decision has fallen upon you, and for myself, that it has devolved upon me to say ought about these unfortunate prisoners; yet they are duties that may not be passed by or put aside. That you will discharge your duty in justice, though tempered with mercy, I have no doubt. I would, gentlemen, that I could perform mine as well. You must expect from me, gentlemen, no eloquent declamations, for I will frame no dazzling theories upon a misrepresentation or perversion of the testimony, whether accidental or designed. I will not weave a single wreath of fancy, but will seek to bind your minds and my own to the plain and unadorned truths that are apparent in this case, and which alone should influence you. Although I have to follow in the wake of elaborately prepared and eloquent speeches, I will not seek to emulate them. I will neither quote Latin, or decorate my periods by selections from the classic pages of Addison; nor will I follow the counsel through his terrible philippic upon

the leading witness of the prosecution, which I fear lost much of its force upon minds familiar with the strangely similar portraiture of Junius, drawn in the "Vision of Judgment." But while I refrain from pursuing the meteoric fancies, eloquent philippics and sublime apostrophes to the "sainted dead," which have shed a false, though brilliant light upon the dark details of crime revealed to you day by day, I will go through the case fairly and discuss it fully. I will nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice. I will base my arguments upon the testimony, not as I *would have it*, but *as it is*. I will speak not to the world, *but to you*, who can correct and hold me in judgment, if I fail to redeem the promises of fairness and candor which I make. Heaven can witness for me that I desire no fame at the expense of these unfortunate men. I will use no bitter words; I will affect no bitter loathing; I will assail neither man, woman or child, except under the urgent pressure of duty and necessity. I wish I could be spared the painful task of doing so at all. During our labors, death has visited some of those who awaited your judgment—it is to be regretted. By none was it more lamented than by myself and the gentlemen associated with me, for the prosecution. I hoped that respect for the inscrutable decrees of Providence would have sealed all lips upon that sad occurrence. If it had rested with the prose-

cution, the dead, however guilty, would have been suffered to slumber in silence. Neither you nor I could close our eyes to the solemn fact that, "those who were, are not." Death was in our midst, and though silence might vail its horrors, like the skeleton at the Egyptian feast, its unseen presence was felt by all. But for no purpose, for no end, not even to convict the guilty, would the prosecution have invaded the tomb and dragged the image of its lifeless tenant before you, either for unseemly invective, or scarcely less seemly panegyric. The counsel for defendants have judged otherwise; it has seemed to them wise and proper to tear aside the vail that divides the living from the dead, and to invoke the "sainted spirit" of the leader of these defendants—a phantom, gentlemen, that I know will fail in the design of frightening you from your propriety, but the invocation of which entails on me, in certain portions of my argument, the painful duty of speaking of the dead and their deeds, in terms which I would fain use only of the living. It would be unseemly to seek occasion to probe the deeds and motives of those who are no longer of this world, but it would be criminal weakness to shrink from the task when duty demands its performance.

Much, far too much, has been said to you, gentlemen, about excitement. However pleasing and eloquent all this may have been, like too many of the *arguments*

urged upon you, they "will not bide the test." Excitement! where is it gentlemen? Surely not here. Whom does it influence? Surely not you. Examine this "excitement," upon which such impassioned appeals have been made. What is it? Four months since, thirty or forty men, charged with atrocious crimes, were arrested and brought to our city. The crime with which they stood charged, was one that touched us nearly. It had threatened to reduce our young and beauteous city to a mass of black and smouldering ashes, and to entomb in its ruins properties that were the reward of long and ceaseless toil. Charged with this fearful crime, they came among us in irons, and surrounded by every moral evidence of guilt. It was natural that for a time the public pulse should beat the quicker, and so it did, but there was no attempt at violence; there was no desire that the accused should meet ought but a fair and impartial trial, and almost before they were lodged in our jail, the excitement their arrival created was again hushed, and the pulse of our peaceful and law-abiding city again beat with its wonted tranquility; and as you well know, during the greater portion of this trial, but for the crowd of witnesses, the little room in which we pursued our investigations, would not have been one-third full. Excitement! Among whom? Where in two hours a Jury was tried and empanneled, each

member of it a resident of this city—this hot-bed of excitement—and each member of it equally acceptable to the prosecution and the prisoners. *Dangerous* excitement! It is a foul, and though I love not harsh words, a false stigma upon our city. Where could these prisoners have had a fairer trial or more indulgence extended to them? Where else in a city filled with able counsel, unengaged by the government, would the prosecution have delayed the trial, at great sacrifice, merely that counsel might be procured for prisoners from a distance of hundreds of miles? Where before has such freedom of defence been suffered? Where before have the rules of law been waived by the prosecution, that the defence might introduce all that could be found to militate against the character of an important witness? In what other instance has counsel for defence, without check or interruption, been suffered, in an address to the jury, to comment upon testimony stricken from the case, to travel over the history of the country, and read unsworn letters as evidence? In the whole range of criminal reports no case can be found in which such liberal indulgence has been extended in aid of the defence of prisoners.

Much has been said to you about public opinion; but what have you or I to do with it? It cannot, and it should not, influence us. The streets may be filled with rumors and conjectures; but we are not in the

streets, and such things float past us unregarded. We are in a building, for the present at least, consecrated to the administration of justice; we are gathered at its shrine—if not a holy, a solemn one—and excitement and public opinion should both be banished from the elements that surround it. If strong public opinion exists, it is not the creation of the prosecution, and it is unjust, by implication or otherwise, to charge it upon us. If the city Press, for a time, published news in connection with this trial, that it deemed important to the public, it has long ceased to do so. If this much-talked-of public opinion exists, who made it? Not the prosecution; its lips have been uniformly closed by a sense of propriety. And I would ask those who address such language to you, have the prosecuting counsel run through the streets, pledging their honors to the innocence or guilt of the prisoners? Have they sought, day after day, to raise an influence that might be brought to bear upon your deliberations? Have they sown distrust broadcast in the community, or gathered public meetings for the purpose of denouncing these judicial proceedings? Have they got up death-bed scenes to affect the imagination of women and children; for I presume they were scarcely designed to influence men? Have they published *sermons* of doubtful morality and perverted taste, for distribution, with reports of supervisors, comments of the

Press, and fancy scenes by youthful and ardent counsel annexed? Have they done aught but their duty, or done that aught but fairly? Have they passed through the streets, stating that they knew, and could wager, that certain of the jury, they might name, would never agree to convict? No, gentlemen, the prosecution do no such things, and "*laugh to scorn*" those who do. They know *you;* they have faith in your intelligence and integrity, and await with patience and respect the result of your judgment. They know you, and despise the childish weakness which seeks, by such shallow courses, to "turn awry" the even justice of your deliberations.

We are here to seek your verdict by no such means; we are here to discuss testimony, and, aided by lights of past ages and the wisdom and experience of our respected judge, to separate truth from falsehood. You have heard this testimony; you have listened to it with unwearying patience; you will soon retire, "the world forgetting," though not by it forgot, with your responsibilities gathered upon yourselves, to make up your verdict according to that law which has been well styled "the perfection of human reason," and which, however eloquently it may be assailed, even by its own disciples who serve and minister at its shrine, bears, stamped upon its venerable front, the sanction of ages, of sages and of worlds—willing, if you can, to

acquit these men; but ready, also, if your judgment and the law direct it, to find them guilty.

* * * * * * * * * *

Again and again you are told that death has visited and thinned the ranks of these unfortunate men, and the corse and its shroud are seized upon as fit pictures to disturb your visions, in the hope apparently of making you shudder as you gaze. And because Providence has deemed it fit to remove two of these defendants, shall we be told, in deliberate argument, that you are therefrom to infer the innocence of those who are left? Is such to be the basis of a solemn verdict?

Permit me to ask you, gentlemen, what have you to do with death-bed scenes, false in fact, morbid in taste, and wholly irrelevant to this issue? You will, I am sure, entirely dismiss from your *imaginations*, these ghostly fancies which your good sense has doubtless prevented from finding lodgment in your *minds*.

But the picture is a fancied scene, destitute even of the merit of simple truth. The dying words, which are now so sought to be perverted, were in fact of far different import; and were flung off from a fevered brain, amid the fearful delirium of deathly colapse, and let me say, dressed up as they now are, they would meet from the deceased, could he hear them, no sign of recognition—naught but the smile of derision. They might serve to adorn the page of some yellow

covered novel—they have served to grace two elegant perorations, but they scarcely seem appropriate in the argument of a trial of such magnitude and importance. I regret that the last delirious moments of the dead should be the subject of public comment; but as counsel on the other side have thought otherwise, it is my duty to follow them with the truth, and it will be the duty of the Court to tell you to banish them from your minds, if perchance they linger there.

Gentlemen, you have been gravely told, that "you stand between the living and the dead;" that "the lightest error in your finding will prove a source of constant remorse;" that "the thought should make you tremble." If this indeed be true, you may well tremble. Uncertainty and imperfection are stamped upon earth, and upon man, *its* choicest production, and upon *his* proudest efforts. Feeble man talking of certainty! His loftiest fabrics crumble beneath the step of time; or are crushed or scattered before an hour's breath. His cultivated intellect, his glowing mind, lie shattered and quenched in a moment's space. No, gentlemen, no such fearful responsibility rests on you; no such unerring certainty is required of you; and he who seeks to grasp or attain such perfection, will only realize how

"Vaunting ambition doth o'er leap itself."

Neither reason, law or sense requires from you the

exercise of superhuman attributes. You are bound to exercise caution, care, and deliberation; to weigh the evidence with your best judgment; to sift it with your keenest penetration; and having done this, to state honestly the convictions of your minds—no more and no less.

* * * * * * * * * *

What has been the history of the road while in the hands of the State? For years it dragged its slow length along; an encumbrance and a burthen. The State needed engines, cars, depots—every material to prosecute or sustain with energy or profit, this important work; but its credit was gone, and it was immersed in debt. Our population was thinly scattered across the entire breadth of the Peninsula. Engines dragged slowly and heavily through the dense forests. Our city numbered but 12,000 people; our State was destitute of wealth; our farmers destitute of markets; our laborers destitute of employment; and so far as the interests of the State and her people were identified with the Railroad, it presented a joyless present, a dark and frowning future.

In a fortunate hour, the State sold the road, and the millions of this denounced Company were flung broadcast through our community; they took up the old track, relaid a better one, extended the road to the extreme line of the State, laid down at enormous cost,

over 400 miles of fences to guard the property of all, save those who wanted a beef market at each crossing; multiplied the accommodation seven-fold, quadrupled the speed, increased traffic and commerce, so that while in 1845, the State passed 26,000 tons over the road; in 1850 the Company passed 134,000 tons; created markets for our products, snatched the tide of passing emigration from the hands of a steamboat monopoly, hostile to Michigan, and threw it unto the heart of our State, until now, where heaven's light was once shut out by dense forests, it shines over fertile fields, and rich, luxurient harvests, and the rivers of our State, which once ran with wasteful speed to the bosom of the Lakes, turns the machinery which renders our rich products available. With them, Capital made its home amongst us; our credit was restored; hope and energy sprung from their lethargic sleep; labor clapped her glad hands and shouted for joy; and Michigan bent for the moment, like a sapling by the fierceness of a passing tempest; relieved from the debts and burthens, rose erect, and in her youthful strength, stood proudly up among her sister States.

Who shall stop this glorious work, which is spreading blessings and prosperity around us? Who shall dare to say, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther? Who shall dictate to it after doing so much? Must it now pause and rest in inglorious ease? No, gentlemen, it

shall not be stayed; it shall speed onward in triumph; it shall add link after link to the great chain that binds mankind together; it *shall* speed onward, still onward, through the gorges of the mountain, over the depths of the valley, till the iron horse, whose bowels are fire, "out of whose nostrils goeth forth smoke," and "whose breath kindleth coals," shall be heard thundering through the echoing solitudes of the Rocky Mountains, startling the lone Indian from his wild retreat, and ere long reaching the golden shores of the far off Pacific, there to be welcomed by the glad shouts of American freemen at the glorious event which has conquered time and distance, and bound them by nearer chords to older homes and sister States.

A detestable monopoly! These railroads, built by united energies and capital, are the great instruments in the hand of God to hasten onward the glorious mission of religion, and civilization. Already is our Central Road stretching forth its hands, and giving assurance that soon shall its iron track reach across the neighboring Provinces from Detroit to Niagara; and that ere long the scream of the locomotive shall be heard over the sound of the cataract, which shall thunder forth in deafening peals, that glorious event. Our brethren on the shores of the Atlantic, with whom we are bound by every interest, association and affection, will hail the shortened tie with ardent welcome.

Beneath the beneficial influence of companies like this, space is annihilated, weeks are reduced to the compass of days, and in spite of the wicked purposes of bad men, this and kindred companies shall continue to spread and contribute to the greatness and prosperity of our country, until the earth vibrates with the pulses of her glory.

* * * * * * * * * *

What! are we, in this law-abiding and loyal State, to have it thundered in the ears of jurors, in the sanctity of a court-house, and in the course of judicial proceedings, from the lips of any man, that if a verdict is not satisfactory to the people, another "inquisition will be holden, and the victims of the law be dragged from the bloody fingers of power?" Do I overstate it? No, I know you recollect it. I saw and felt, and sympathized with you, in the shudder which marked your feelings as that and kindred sentences fell upon your astonished ears. I forgot I was here, and was carried for a moment to some heated tribune of Paris, where some spirit of fierceness was maddening the populace and stirring up France to again

"Get drunk with blood to vomit crime."

Ah! gentlemen, there is a worse evil abroad through this land, than the overshadowing power of corporations. There are *isms* of dreadful and fearful import around us. They "menace our public institutions and

private rights." There is a spirit of disloyalty to law and country; a tendency to forsake the old landmarks; to treat the lessons of sages which come down from our fathers, as antiquated and worn-out; to speak lightly of our hallowed Union; to abandon those pure, steadfast, and perpetual principles which have sanctified our past, and which can alone save our future; and to rear and plant in *their* stead a "*higher law*," which each one for himself may adjudge and administer.

Hence come those frightful dangers which disturb our courts; that voice of evil omen which would fain chaunt the hymn of ruin over the broken fragments of our capitol; which would raise the arm of private judgment against the enactments of the law-makers; and rouse an excited populace to sit in judgment on the decisions of courts and the verdicts of juries.

Gentlemen, it is an evil day, when the men of our high places are found scattering such seed in congenial soil. Where, if such is to be the course of things, are we to stop? There would be an end of law, and confusion and ruin would stalk with fearful strides over our land. We enforce not the law here by the bayonet. It is the law of the people, administered by forms prescribed; and the beautiful sight is exhibited of the people of a whole empire bowing in silent respect and cheerful obedience to the adjudications of their own

courts and the verdicts of their own juries. And well may we do so. For what would we be without that law and cheerful obedience to it? What and where would we be if a community, or any portion of it, could or dare rise up, in violence or lawlessness, and crush or disturb the solemn awards of legal tribunals? What and how shall we characterize the spirit which would invite us to such a dread feast?

Gentlemen, all you possess on earth, is the reward of labor protected by law. It is law alone which keeps all things in order, guards the sleep of infancy, the energy of manhood, and the weakness of age. It hovers over us by day; it keeps watch and ward over the slumbers of the night; it goes with us over the land, and guides and guards us through the trackless paths of the mighty waters. The high and the low, each are within its view, and beneath its ample folds. It protects beauty and virtue, punishes crime and wickedness, and vindicates right. Honor and life, and liberty, and property, the wide world over, are its high objects. Stern, yet kind; pure, yet pitying; steadfast, immutable and just; it is the attribute of God on earth. It proceeds from his bosom, and encircles the world with its care and power and blessings. All honor and praise to those who administer it in purity, and who reverence its high behests.

When our own respected, eloquent, and classic

citizen Senator, was desired to choose a motto and design for the coat of arms of that State, with which he is so identified, and by it so appreciated, most happy was he in that choice. We find it stamped, and reading, when rendered, thus: "If you seek a beautiful peninsula look around you." And we see, as part of the design, the sun of civilization rising from the waters, and commerce and agriculture quickening into life beneath its genial rays. And the lone Indian is there too, standing in sadness, seeing the elements advancing and gathering, which tell him the doom of his race, and before which he must again retreat to roam the western wilds.

And a beautiful peninsula it is! Its shores bathed and almost circled by the majestic lakes which now are convulsed with storm, and anon flash back the serene light of heaven, as if from a million of mirrors. Its prairies blooming with beauty, and uttering sweet whisperings to the light wind as it breathes among its flowers; its fields yellow with luxurient harvests; its youth cultivated; its people moral, contented and happy; and all reposing beneath the reign of law and order. But change the scene! Let law be disregarded, and her ministers brought to contempt; let confusion and disobedience characterize her people, and the clouds of darkness and disgrace will soon gather over our land. Frantic passion will produce

ruthless violence; bad men will revel and rejoice; the good will sigh and depart. Better, than that this should come to pass, would it be that the forest and primeval silence should return again. But it is useless to anticipate such evil things. Such invocations to our people, fall on unwelcoming ears. They may suit some foreign district, some land where anti-rent and anti-law make part of her history; but cannot and will not corrupt the law-loving and law-respecting people of Michigan. He who expects to read, on the columns of her greatness, words of disloyalty to the Union or disrespect to law, may seek for them in vain, until he himself sinks into the abyss of time.

I regret, gentlemen, to have thus to leave the strict merits of the case, to follow and comment on the extraneous, and to my judgment most dangerous, remarks of counsel, and will now return to what is more in point.

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Gentlemen, I feel the solemnity and importance of the place and the hour. The long months which we have been in this Court House, are dwindled down to a span. A narrow space intervenes between us and the long looked for end. I need not say how important it is for these prisoners—solitude or society, liberty or bondage tremble within the fleeting moments, and it makes me sad to feel and believe, as I do, that the

dark shadows of the prison house are already gathering around them. But, gentlemen, there is an importance beyond the fate of these prisoners and the limits of this court room. This cause has spread through the confines of our State and beyond its limits, and a world is looking on to see if there is here strength and virtue sufficient to assert the integrity of the law.

The dignity, the honor and the character of Michigan are in your keeping. I feel proud and secure in knowing them there. I feel assured that, when the future historian makes out the record of our past, and the pencil of truth writes down the dark details of lawless violence and banded crime, which stain our annals and blacken our fame, there shall be written beneath it in living light, these words which will illuminate the darkness and remove the stigma: "A firm and able judge, an intelligent and honest jury, unawed by fear and prejudice, and unawed by threats, vindicated the violated law."

We are called upon by every high consideration which can induce action, to do our duty in this case. Gratitude for the lovely heritage God has given us; patriotism; love for the beautiful peninsula, in which is fixed our destiny and centred our all of earthly good and hope; the desire we have for her future prosperity and illustrious career, all unite in one voice, and ask that you be firm, free and steadfast on this occasion.

For, if these dangerous doctrines which produce the outrages we are considering, are to be spread from the hamlets of Leoni throughout the breadth of the land, and even to the jury box of our courts; if men, animated by deep hate against a corporation, feel and think that they are justified in redressing their own real or fancied wrongs in their own way; if courts are to be scouted at, law trampled on, order rushed into wild confusion, and crime sympathized with and left to stalk unpunished, then indeed, have evil days come upon us. Capital, virtue, peace and property will be trodden over and crushed by mob violence, and all the dire evils which will follow in its train.

The first Jury which renders a verdict, tainted by the unhallowed spirit of fear or public opinion, or prejudiced by loud clamors against monopolies and tyrannical corporations, will have stricken a death blow at his country's honor and welfare. The first juryman who renders his verdict, in the midst of turmoil, excitement and prejudice, unmoved by all such elements, with his conscience impressed by his oath, with his mind calmly, but deeply imbued with the truth and regulated by the law, presents a moral spectacle to be admired, honored and forever remembered—his action adds to the security of the commonwealth and gives new guaranty of its perpetuation.

Gentlemen, I do not intimate that there is any great

volume of prejudice or passion arrayed against the Michigan Central Railroad Company. I believe that the mass of our citizens regard it as a public benefit, a mighty source of unnumbered blessings to Michigan, and its superintendents and managers as liberal, just and honest. Be this as it may, I do know that Michigan is loyal to the Union and the laws. May she remain so forever! I would fain carve the sentiment on the columns of her Capitol; I would stamp it on her broad banner; I would wave it aloft, that her law-loving and law-abiding people might gaze on it with pride and pleasure, knowing and feeling that they and all they have or cherish, will ever find security, peace and happiness beneath its ample folds.

So may it be, and if so, we will soon find the State of our pride leaping on to greatness like a young giant, glowing all over with honor, vigor and prosperity, till she becomes lustrious as the starlit sky.

But, gentlemen, fraught with importance, as I deem this case to be to the character and welfare of Michigan, still we wish no verdict at the unjust condemnation of a single citizen. Whatever your verdict may be, this prosecution and a good community will and must be satisfied with it. All we required was a fair, impartial trial; that has been obtained, and whatever be the result, we will never murmur against it. We know the care and anxiety it has cost you, and the

inconvenience and loss it has entailed upon you. We know the consciousness you have of your weighty responsibility, and that even now you would gladly pass the cup from you. But, gentlemen, the duty of a good citizen, if well discharged, however painful in the present, becomes through all after time an abiding source of pure pleasure.

May I, for a moment, change this scene, take you to the Capitol of your Union, and turn back the tide of time a few short months. See there before you the scene of a patriot soldier's death bed! His life has been spent in the service of his country. His honor, like his own good sword, is without a stain. He once was exposed to the perils of this north-western frontier. He braved danger and death amid the everglades of Florida. On the terrible fields of Mexico he bore aloft the glorious flag of our Union, graced it with new triumph, and "planted fresh stars of glory there!" The voice of a grateful nation called him to the high place of our country; but here for him is the end of life. He has fought his last battle; he yields to the victor, Death; his eye, once gleaming through the smoke of battles, is dim; his voice, once heard like the bugle over the clash and shouts of a deadly strife, can only whisper; and his brave heart, which never beat with fear, is flickering in its last pulsations. What do we hear now? What memories of brave deeds now come

back to light up the gloom of the dark hour? What rays of earthly glory now shed their radiance to cheer the dying hero through his last struggle? Alas! illustrious though his deeds, bright though his fame, all, all seem quite forgotten; but there does come whispering to his sinking spirit a kindly thought and a sweet solace, and you hear it falling tremulous from his lips: "I have endeavored to do my duty."

Gentlemen, may we endeavor to do our duty in this case, and through life, and be consoled by the reflection thereof in death.

And now, though through with all I have to say, though happy to feel that I need no longer detain you, I yet linger ere taking my seat.

We have come together so often; we have associated in this cause so long; we have participated in our several capacities for so many months in all the excitements and incidents of this trial; the kindly greetings of recurring morns, the familiar faces, the pleasant intercourse, all have flung remembrances over the past which now, at the moment of parting, cluster so fresh and warm around us, that I hesitate to end them.

I would fain say a word of kindness to all engaged in this cause, but it may not be appropriate to speak individually of each. I feel, I may, however, with propriety allude to the Prosecuting Attorney of this County, who, before you and the people he represents,

has discharged his trying duties with an impartiality, ability and fidelity, which has gained for him an enviable name.

And now for yourselves allow me to say, I cannot by words show my high appreciation of you and your services. I can only thank you warmly and truly. May long life and every prosperity repay you for your cares and sacrifices in this cause, and when the summons comes for you to appear before the High Tribunal of another world, may each one of you with a conscious sense of duty well discharged,

——"Sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

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